

Shane
Parker
Folio MS.
1961-1971

COPY A
LACKS ff.
24, 151, 161
TO PHOTO FROM
ORIGINAL

"Beware"
THE (Shane)

"SP"

1-190

PARKER

FOLIO

MANUSCRIPT

ENGLAND, 1966-67
(+ Australian adds to 1971)

EXTRA
Set A.

Lacks f.

151
24, 161

SET A.
LACKS p. 24, 161.

PARKER FOLIO MANUSCRIPT

[Author's title: "B E M A R E ! "]

Collection of English folksongs ^{141 149} foolscap folio, handwrit MS.
 by Shane A. PARKER 190f. ^{141 149} Pages 1-190, with additional
 pp. 80A-B-C; pages 142-3
 omitted in the numeration.]

NOTE

Made in England, 1961 ^{141 149}, ending in Spring 1967.

(C. Kingston College)

Parker then left for Australia, where he collected
 only "The Bastard from the Bush" and 1 or 2 others,
 MS. p. 165-end. Dated 1969 (p.168), 1971 (p.174).
 (19)

Sent to GL from Australia, May 1980, by:

Dr. Shane Parker
 South Australian Museum
 North Terrace, Adelaide 5000, South Australia

NOTE ^{supplied} Photocopy includes only the pages of erotic songs,
 which is the largest part. Following pages omitted
 in photocopy, as of standard polite songs: (1/4 of texts):

10' - 11' - 12' - 15' - 16' - 17' - 18' - 20' ⁽²⁴⁾ - 45' - 49' - 55' -

58' - 59' - 60' - 61' - 62' - 63' - 64' - ~~70' - 71' - 72' - 73' - 74' - 75' - 76' - 77' - 78' - 79' - 80' - 81' - 82' - 83' -~~

67' - 88' - 94' - 95' - 116' - 117' - 122' - 123' - 124' - 125' -

128' - [142 - 143 are NOT missing, but omitted in numeration] -

146 ⁽⁵¹⁾ - 155' - 156' - ⁽¹⁶¹⁾ 163' - 175' - 178' - 179' - 180' - 181'.

TOTAL of: 43 actually omitted = 23 ^{1/2} omitted.

MISSING PAGES: 190 - 43 = 147, remaining total. ✓

* = ORIGINALS BY PARKER.

X It was Christmas Day in the Harem
(There was a Monk of great renown).

[Christmas Day in the Harem
first appeared in 1903, in a
collection called 'The Dogmat' &
other poems. See M & J
Hadfield, The Twelve Days of
Christmas, 1961: 109-113.]

It was Christmas Day in the harem. / Eve
The eunuchs were saying their prayers,
Watching the dusky maidens combing their pubic hairs,
When the voice of Father Christmas came echoing down the halls,
Saying "What do you want for Christmas?"
And the eunuchs all shouted "Balls!"

..... to Mr. Banglestein, Banglestein, Banglestein,
Balls to Mr. Banglestein, dirty old man!
He sits on the steeple and shits on the people -
Balls to Mr. Banglestein, dirty old man!
He keeps us waiting while he's masturbating -
Balls to Mr. Banglestein, dirty old man!

* There once was a monk of great renown,
There once was a monk of great renown,
There once was a monk of great renown
Who fucked all the women in London town!
The sod! The dirty sod! The bastard deserves to die!
Gentlemen! What have we said?

* [See p. 133].

Glory Alleluiah!

Gentlemen - a prayer:

A prayer for the frustrated: Fuck!

A prayer for the constipated: Shit!

A prayer for the menstruated: Bloody hell!

A prayer for the castrated: Balls!

..... to Mr. Banglestein, Banglestein, Banglestein, (etc.)

His brother monk did stop his frolics,
His brother monk did stop his frolics,

His brother monk did stop his frolics -
Took a great knife and hacked off his bollocks!
The sod! The dirty sod! The bastard deserves to die!
Gentlemen! What have we said?

Gloria Alleluiah!

Gentlemen - a prayer:

A prayer for the frustrated: Fuck!

A prayer for the constipated: Shit!

A prayer for the menstruated: Bloody hell!

A prayer for the castrated: Balls!

..... to Mr. Banglestein, Banglestein, Banglestein (etc.)
[This is preceded by 'For we're all queers together', see 2:70-1, 2:4^{pt 1}] (?)

Nobby Hall

(see p. 113). - from PB.

They called him Nobby Hall, Nobby Hall,
They called him Nobby Hall, Nobby Hall,
They called him Nobby Hall and he only had one arm.
They called him Nobby Hall, Nobby Hall.

They said he killed his wife,
And it wasn't with a knife.

The judge's name was Tucker
And he was a silly fellow.

The jailer's name was Jock
And his keys hung from his collar.

They tied him to a plank
So he couldn't have a scratch.

They took him to St. Pauls
And they stumped upon his arm.

They hung poor Nobby Hall
By his one and only arm.

They put him in a pit
And they filled it in with shingle

¹ This is from the Victorian:

"My name is Samuel Hall,
And I hates you one and all,
Blast your eyes," etc. This in
turn comes from the earlier
Jack Hall [IP: 132-3].

That's how the money rolls in (tune: My bonny lies over the ocean)

My father makes counterfeit money,
My mother brews illicit gin,
My sister sells kisses to sailors,
My God! how the money rolls in!

CJOH

* My brother's a Harley Street surgeon,
With instruments long, sharp and thin -
He only does one operation,
And that's how the money rolls in!

/Charing Cross

D. Stephens

My uncle's a slum missionary,
A-saving young women from sin;
He'll save you a blonde for a dollar,
My God! how the money rolls in!

CJOH

My aunt runs a fine seminary,
A-teaching young girls to begin;
She doesn't say where they're to finish,
And that's how the money rolls in!

CJOH

I've spent all your counterfeit money,
I've drunk all your illicit gin,
I've tried all your blondes for a dollar,
My God! what a state I am in!

CJOH

* Sung at Charing Cross Hospital.

* The Graffiti Man. (thru: The Beetle Man).

I search the public lavatories, quite often on my hands and knees,
for writings on the walls.

I glean them from each fulsome nook and copy them into my book:
I am the Graffiti Man.

Sometimes I need a taper to pierce the swirling vapors
And bring to light rare prose.

Where verses are encrusted thick I deftly wield my trusty
I am the Graffiti Man. pick!

One evening through a fetid pall I spied the Writing on the Wall
(The Hand had since moved on).

The characters were strange and rare; I reproduced them with
I am the Graffiti Man. great care!

When hunting, great skill I employ (thru: I who tracked down
I caught him too! in hand); sly Kilroy!

And should the clientele protest I put their anxious minds at
I am the Graffiti Man. rest!

We're all queers together pt. 2.

(for pt. 1 - camel, bat, hedgehog, ostrich - see p. 170-1).

Susan went down to the water; Susan went down to the stream;

She pissed for an hour and a quarter -

You couldn't see Susan for storm.

Singing bum-titty, bum-titty, titty-bum,

Singing bum-titty, bum-titty, ay.

Singing bum-titty, bum-titty, titty-bum,

Singing bum-titty, bum-titty, ay.

I went for a ride on a /p-7-puff;
 There was hardly room to stand.
 A little boy offered me his seat;
 I felt for it with my hand—
 For we're all queers together—
 Excuse us while we go upstairs;
 For we're all queers together—
 Counting our anal hairs.

/like-rain

If I had the wings of a swallow
 And the fully great size of a cow,
 I'd fly to the nearest temple
 And shut in the people below.

My name is Cecil; I live in Leicester Square.
 I wear open-tipped sandals, and rosebuds in my hair*....
 For we're all queers together,
 As we go around in pairs;
 Yes we're all queers together—
 Excuse us while we go upstairs.

My name is Rupert; I live in Leicester
 Square too—
 I wear pink pyjamas, but Cecil prefers
 me in blue.

"What do you want?" said the waiter,
 Painfully picking his nose.
 "Two hard-boiled eggs, you old bastard—
 You can't stick your fingers up those..."
 Singing bum-titty, bum-titty-titty bum,
 Singing bum-titty, bum-titty, ay,
 Singing bum-titty, bum-titty, titty-bum,
 Singing bum-titty, bum-titty, ay.

SCx

Barnacle Bill. [originally balloky (i.e. naked) Bill; 'balloky' c.1905,
 see Fryer, M.G., 1963:259]

"Who's that knocking at my door?
 Who's that knocking at my door?
 Who's that knocking at my door?"
 Cried the fair young maiden.

"It's Barnacle Bill from over the hill!"
 Cried Barnacle Bill the sailor. (twice)

* or: I wear pyjama trousers and petunias in my hair.... (J Burton).

"Are you young ~~to~~ and handsome, sir?"

"I'm dirty and tough and filthy and rough!"

"You may sleep upon the mat."

"O bugger the mat, yous can't fuck that!"

"You may sleep upon the stairs."

"O bugger the stairs, they've got no hairs!"

"You may sleep between my knees."

"O bugger your knees, they give me the fleas!"

"You may sleep between my breasts."

"O bugger your tits, they give me the slits!"

"You may sleep between my thighs."

"O bugger your thighs, they give me the rise!"

"What if we should have a child?"

"We'll strangle the bugger and fuck for another!"

"When shall I see you again?"

"O never no more, you dirty old whore!"

✓ The Vicar and the Curate.

One Sunday morning outside the church

The vicar said for fun

"I bet I've had more women ~~less~~ than you!"

And the curate said "You're on!"

"O we'll stand by the gates as the women walk by, and this shall be the sign -
You dingdong for the women you've had and I'll bingbong for mine."

There were dingdongs, there were bingbongs,

There were more dingdongs than there were bingbongs

At that moment a lady walked by

And the curate went "Bingbong!"

"Just a minute!" said the vicar, "There's a mistake here -

That is my wife, I do declare!"

"I don't give a bugger, 'cause I've been there -

Ring-a-ding^{a-ding} ding-dong!"

S. Cox.

The Dogs' Party (tune: The Church is one Foundation) ←

The dogs they held a party; they came from near and far.

Some came by automobile, and some they came by car.

They came into the marbled halls, each dog his place he took;

Each dog removed his arsehole and hung it on a hook.

The dogs they were all seated, each mother's son and sire,

When a dirty little mongrel stood up and shouted "Fire!"

The dogs they were in panic; they knew not where to look;

Each dog removed an arsehole from off the nearest hook.

The dogs they were so angry, for it is very sore

To wear another's arsehole, you've never worn before.

And that's the only reason a dog will leave his bone -

To sniff another's arsehole to see if it's his own.

- from S. Cox

[for another version see p. 147].

(older)

✓
Daphne, Daphne

Daphne, Daphne, don't say no, on the sofa you must go;
Up with your dress and down with your drawers -
You tickle mine and I'll tickle yours.

Rugby Songs, 1

✓
Arseholes are cheap today.

Arseholes are cheap today, cheaper than yesterday -
Little boys are half a crown, standing up or lying down;
Big ones for bigger pricks, biggest ones cost three and six -
Get yours before they're gone, come and {^{try} buy} one.

Rugby Songs, 1

X ✓ There once was a sailor (see p. 114 for a more juvenile version)

There once was a sailor who sat on a rock,
Waving his fist and abusing his
Neighbour, a farmer, and watching his tricks -
Teaching his children to play with their
Kites and their marbles, as in days of yore,
When along came a woman who looked like a
Decent young lady, who walked like a duck;
She said she was learning a new way to
Bring up her children and teach them to knit;
While the boys in the farmyard were shovelling the
Contents of a pigsty, the muck and the mire.
The squire of the manor was pulling his
Horse from its stable to go to the hunt;
His wife in her boudoir was powdering her
Nose and arranging her vanity box,
And taking precautions to ward off the
Gout and rheumatism, which made her feel stiff,
For well did she remember her last dose of -
What did you think I was going to say?
No, you rude buggers, that's all for today!

Rugby Songs, 1

I don't want to join the Army.

I don't want to join the /Army.

/Navy

I don't want to go to/war.

/sea

I'd rather hang around Piccadilly Underground,
Living on the earnings of a high-born lady.

I don't want a bayonet up my arsehole,

I don't want my bollocks shot away -

I'd rather stay in England, in Merry, Merry England,
And fornicate my fucking life away, cor blimey....

On Monday I touched her on the ankle;

On Tuesday I touched her on the knee;

On Wednesday night success, I lifted up her dress;

On Thursday I la... la...., cor blimey.

On Friday I had my hand upon it;

On Saturday she gave my prick a twist;

On Sunday after supper, I rammed the bastard up her,

And now I'm paying seven and six a week, cor blimey....

[repeat 1st verse]. The first 4 lines of 1 ~~now~~ at least were used in the
Navy; see Moore, J., The Seasons of the Year, 1954.
Rugby Songs, 1.

Farewell, you Brisbane ladies (tune: ...Spanish Ladies,)
p. 60.

Farewell and goodbye to you sweet Brisbane ladies;

Farewell and adieu to you girls of Toowong -

We've sold all our cattle and have to be moving

And we hope we can see you again before long.

Chor: Then we'll rant and we'll roar

Like true Queensland drovers,

We'll rant and we'll roar as onwards we push

Until ~~the~~ we return to the Angathella station,

For it's hot 'n' dry goin' in the old Queensland bush.

X These Foolish things.

A pair of socks beside an old French letter; that touch of syphilis that
won't get better -

O how the ointment stings and stings:
these foolish things remind me of you.....

The creaking sofa where we used to linger; your lovejuice trickling
down my index finger -

And when I piss it stings and stings:
These foolish things remind me of you.....

That pair of pants with a stain between them; the smell of petrol where
I tried to clean them -

The bed with creaking springs:
These foolish things remind me of you.....

The faint aroma of a used French letter recalls the times I used
to know you better — TD.

the cigarette that bears some lipstick traces; the smell of gin from off an
airman's faeces -

The smell of ~~you~~ it clings and clings:
These foolish things remind me of you.....

The night we fucked ~~at~~ inside a London taxi; the lumps of clinker
round an airman's jaksi*.

* See note on In Mobile, p. 70. Jak'si = arsehole (Hindustani)

Men of Harlech. (Rhyfelpych gwyf Harlech, 14068)

Fierce the beacon light is flaring, with its tongues of fire proclaiming
 "Chieftains, sundered to your shaming, strongly now unite!"
 At the call all Arfon rallies, warcries rend her hills and valleys,
 Troop on troop, with handlong sallies, hurtle to the fight.
 Chiefs lie dead and wounded; yet, where first 'twas grounded
 Freedom's flag still holds the crag - her trumpet still is sounded.
 O there we'll keep her banner flying, while the pale lips of the dying
 Echo to our shout defy: "Harlech for the right!"

Shall the Saxon army shake you, smite, pursue and overtake you?
 Men of Harlech, God shall make you victors, blow for blow!
 As the rivers of Eryri sweep the vale with flooded fury
 Gwalia from her mountain eyrie thunders on the foe!
 Now, avenging Briton, smite as he has smitten!
 Let your rage on history's page in Saxon blood be written!
 His lance is long, but yours is longer, strong his sword, but yours is stronger!
 One stroke more, and then your wronger at your feet lies low!

X The Black Cat and the White Cat

JHE

(tune: Flowers of Edinburgh).

O the black cat piddled in the white cat's eyes;
 The white cat said, "Cor, blimey!"
 The black cat said "It's your own bloody fault,
 You shouldn't /walk/ behind me!" /stand right/

Men of Harlech. (Rhyfelydd gwrth Harlech, 14068)

Fierce the beacon light is flaming, with its tongues of fire proclaiming
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 Gwalia from her mountain eyrie thunders on the foe!
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 Let your rage on history's page in Saxon blood be written!
 His lance is long, but yours is longer, strong his sword, but yours is stronger!
 One stroke more, and then your wronger at your feet lies low!

The Black Cat and the White Cat

(true. Flowers of Edinburgh)

O the black cat piddled in the white cat's eyes;
 "The white cat said, " Cor, blimey!"
 "The black cat said " It's your own bloody fault,
 You shouldn't /walk/ behind me!" /stand right/

So what can it be that they want even more?"
 "It's soup," he said. "Soup, my head!"
 Said the Boss, who realised it should have been 'foot',
 But changed the expression in view of the circumstances.
 Then up spake Sir Fred Decidedly-low,
 Who said "No, no, sir, it's quite true - I know,
 And I have constructed a flying machine,
 Made out of cardboard and painted bright green,
 With which I shall fly over the Jubblepore Basin
 On a voyage such as none since the Saga of Jason,
 And there I will drop on the natives below
 Bottles and jars of the soup that I know
 They desire, as the sun needs to shine -
 That elixir of life from the Serpentine....."
 Cried all in the group "Gosh - Serpentine Soup!"
 And that's what he did.

THE END.

The Red Flag (parody from Rugby Song, 1).

"I was on Gibraltar's rock so bare I saw a maiden lying there;
 And as she lay in sweet repose a breath of wind blew up her clothes.
 A sailor who was passing by ~~asked~~ tipped his hat and winked his eye,
 And then he saw to his despair she had the Red Flag flying there.*

The people's flag is turning pink: it ain't as red as people think.

The working class can kiss my arse, I've ^(won the treble chance) got the foreman's job at last;
 I'm out of work and on the dole - you can stuff your Red Flag up
 your hole.

* 'Fly the ~~Red~~(red) flag' (to menstruate) c. 1850. (Fryer, 1963: 276).

" If I consent to be your bride,
Pray how for me will you provide? "

" Oi'll give you all Oi have, Oi'm zure,
What can a poor yallow do for fur ye more? "

" Fur Oi can reap and Oi can zow,
And Oi can plough and Oi can hoe;
Oi goes to market wi' vather's hay,
And earns me ninepence every day. "

" Ninepence a day will never do,
For I must have silks and satins too;
'Twill ne'er be enough for you and I."
" O coom, " says Herchard, " us can but troi.

" For Oi've a pig poked up in a stoi
As'll coom to us when Grammy do doi;
And if you'll conzent fur to marry me now,
Whoi feyther he'll give us his voin vat zow. "

Dick's compliments were zo polite
He won Meess Jeann avoor it were night;
An' when hier'd got no moor fur to zay,
Whoi he gee'd her a kiss and her coom'd away.

The Tinker [cf. 'The Highland Tinker,

The Lady of the Manor was a-dressing for the ball
When she saw a dirty tinker pissing up against the wall.

Chor. With his great big kidney-wiper*, balls the size of three,
And a yard and a half of foreskin hanging down below his knee.
Hanging down, swinging free, oscillating merrily,
And a yard and a half of foreskin hanging down below his knee.

* prick. 20th-century. (Fryer, 1963: 41).

" If I consent to be your bride,
Pray how for me will you provide? "

" Oi'll give you all Oi have, Oi'm zure,
What can a poor yallow do for fur ye more? "

" Fur Oi can reap and Oi can sow,
And Oi can plough and Oi can hoe;
Oi goes to market wi' vather's hay,
And earns me ninepence every day. "

" Ninepence a day will never do,
For I must have silks and satins too;
'Twill ne'er be enough for you and I. "
" O coom, " says Herchard, " us can but troi.

" For Oi've a pig poked up in a stoi
As'll coom to us when Granny do doi;
And if you'll consent fur to marry me now,
Whoi feyther he'll give us his voin vat zow. "

Dick's compliments were so polite
He won Meess Jeem avoor it were night;
An' when hier'd got no moor fur to zay,
Whoi he gee'd her a kiss and her coom'd away.

The Tinker [cf 'The Highland Tinker,

The Lady of the Manor was a-dressing for the ball
When she saw a dirty tinker pissing up against the wall.
Chor. With his great big kidney-wiper*, balls the size of three,
And a yard and a half of forekin hanging down below his knee.
Hanging down, swinging free, oscillating merrily,
And a yard and a half of forekin hanging down below his knee.

* prick. 20th-century. (Fryer, 1963: 41).

The lady wrote a letter and in it she did say
 "It better be shagged by you, sir, than his lordship any day."

He tinker got the letter and when it he did read
 His balls began to fester and his prick began to heave.

He mounted on his charger and on it he did ride,
 With his tool across his shoulder and a ball on either side.

He rode into the courtyard, he rode into the hall,
 "God save us!" cried the butler, "He's come to fuck us all!"

He shagged them on the stairway; he shagged them in the hall;
 And the way he shagged the butler was the strangest of them all.

But when he'd shagged the butler he shagged the butler's wife
 And then he shagged his stallion and ruined it for life.

The tinker's dead and gone now, he's buried in St. Paul's
 And it took a yoke of oxen to drag away his balls.

Some say he went to heaven; some say he went to hell;
 Some say he shagged the soul and I bet he shagged him well.
 for us

I'm having a bit tonight

day.

My mother's got a roly poly pudding on the way.

I saw her put the suet in, the currants in as well.

Now you will be surprised at the tale I have to tell.

I'm having a bit tonight, tonight, I'm having a bit tonight!

The mother says I must be quick if I'm to have a spotty dick.

I'll ask for roly poly it fills me with delight.

I'm having a bit tonight, tonight, I'm having a bit tonight!

La la la la la la, la la la la la la

The sprig of our family he never gets his share;
I wish to be the sprig and I mean I ought to be.
This mother had a baby, or something all right -
You eat the sprig and you know, I'm losing a bit tonight!
I'm losing a bit tonight, tonight. (etc)

My old man, Harry and cousin Ned are well,
his then the bigger from next door, he likes his old bit as well;
His then of course Harry's grandpa - he is so very tough,
"The tough" he's a really nice fellow, he's a bigger for his stuff!
I'm losing a bit tonight, tonight. (etc) L. 24. 1

Click of the Shear

Out on the board the old shearer stands
Groping his shear in his thin bony hands.
"Here it is here on a bare-kellied Joe -
Gee, if he gets her, won't he make the finger go!
Click of the shear, hee, click click click!
Here it is here and his hands move quick.
"The finger looks round and is beaten by a blow.
He waves the old ragged with the bare-kellied Joe.

In the middle of the flock, in his cane bottom chair,
At the base of the board, both his eyes everywhere,
Notes with each flock as it comes to the screen,
Paying great attention that it's taken off clean.

"The toady is here, a-waiting in demand,
With his blackened toady and his toady hand.
Here one old sheep with a cut upon its back -
Here's what he's waiting for: "Here's here, Jack."

The Lobster

O mister fisherman, you're well I can see --
Have you a lobster you can sell to me?

Singing row diddle-o, shit or bust,
Never let your forestein dangle in the dust!

I took the lobster home but I couldn't find a dish
So I stuck it in the pot where the missus used to piss.

In the middle of the night, as you all know,
The missus she got up to use the bloody po'.

First she gave a squeal and then she gave a grunt;
And raved around the room with the lobster on her cunt.

I hit it with the brush, I hit it with the broom --
I chased that bloody lobster round and round the room.

I bashed it on the head and I bashed it on the side;
I bashed that bloody lobster until the bastard died.

That's the end of my story; and the moral it is this:
Knockp have a shufti before you have a piss!

That's the end of my story; there isn't any more --
But there's an apple up my arsehole and you can have the core!

Nell of Murphy's Town [1890-1891]

(1890)

Nell's a girl our town's produced; praised not Nell and Nell's not praised,
There's a standing bet in Murphy's town that no man living could make
Nell dance.

Then over the hills from Creechdale Creek into a sand-off he went, saw Nell
there,

- When he laid his bet on Murphy's place that Nell had not her face
- Then together they galloped over the hills down at the distance behind the mile;
- Nell that inward merriment and outward grace and grace to grace, and
but like the wind it like a hawk and dashed out yards of shining [sweat]
Then presently through the bushes of her arms the long and long days passed
She struck it out, she struck it well, she shed not her heart in - finding Nell!

[* Indicates what is presumably a missing line, these alterations, the
would explain the inconsistency of the poem.]

* inserted: looked (shining sang, grace & look) 1890-1891, also "to
find someone between the bushes with the hands unexpectedly" (1890, 1891)
→ 201, also, to put a girl's hands from behind (1891)

Nell of Murphy's Town. [=CUB 112]

(162 10)

Nell's a girl our town's produced; goosed* not Nell and Nell's not goosed.
 There's a standing bet in Murphy's town that no man living could bank
 Nell down.

Then over the hills from Archdale Creek rode a saucer-off bastard, Sanskrib
 Pete;

- > * When he laid his tool on Murphy's plate they knew poor Nell had met her fate.
 > * Then together they galloped over the hills, down to the thickets behind the mills;
 Nell tried inward turns and outward punts and kicks unknown to common cuts
 But little Pete stood it like a brick and reeled out yards of shining {^{thin} {^{thin} }
 Then presently, through the tines of her arse his long and horny roger poked.
 She stuck it out; she stuck it well; she died with her boots on - f---ing hell!

[> * Indicated what is presumably a missing line; three altogether. This
 would explain the incoherence of the poem.]

* Goosed: fucked (slipping slang, goose & duck) 1870-75; also 'to
 prod someone between the buttocks with the thumb, unexpectedly'. (Fogel, 163:
 → 279), also, to put a girl's hands on behind (28).

For Little Angeline*

1. The village squire had a base desire -
 He was the vilest bastard in the whole damn shire -
 And he'd set his heart on the vital part
 2. Of poor little Angeline.

Blacksmith, blacksmith, I love you true;
 3. I can see by your trousers that you love me, too.
 Here I am undressed, so come and do your best
 4. To poor little Angeline.

At the village ~~square~~ fair the squire was there,
 Masturbating in the public square;
 Little Angeline had to lift her skirt
 As she tripped between the puddles that the squire had squirt. ^{pg 4}
 [fragmentary & corrupt version; see p. 132} for fuller set] ³⁰
 p. 132)

* This is a parody of a song with the same title which came out in 1942 or '43
 (Copy deposited in Music Dept, B.M., 1943).

(or 'The Airman's Song').

The Engineer's Song. (from 1c). [The Bloody Great Wheel]

An engineer told me before he died
 (And I've no reason to believe he lied)
 That he had a wife with a cunt so wide
 That she could not be satisfied.

So he ^{built} ~~invented~~ a bloody great wheel,
 Two brass balls and a prick of steel.
 The two brass balls were filled with cream
 And the whole fucking issue was driven by steam!

He tied his wife on to the bed,
 And bound her legs up over her head.
 He dragged the machine in position to fuck
 And wished her good night, good health, good luck.

Round and round went the bloody great wheel;
 In and out went the prick of steel,
 Until at last the good wife cried
 "Enough! Enough! I'm satisfied!"

Up & up went the level of steam
 Down & down went the level of cream
 Till again the good wife cried
 "Enough! Enough! I'm satisfied!"

[Modified from RS2 version].

Now we come to the tragic bit -
 There was no way of stopping it;
 She was split from arse to tit,
 And the whole bloody issue was covered with
 Sweet violets, sweeter than the roses*,
 Covered all over from arse to tit,
 Covered all over with shit! What? Shit!

Nine months later a child was born -
 A Frankenstein with an iron horn,
 Two brass balls that were filled with cream,
 And he shot his lot with a hiss of steam.... SS SS SS SS SS SS!

* Compare with chorus of The Mackman, p. 96

Maids, when you're young never wed an old man (Norfolk)
 An old man came a-courtin' me, hey ding doo rum down,
 An old man came a-courtin' me, hey doo rum down,
 An old man came a-courtin' me, soon would he marry me -
 Maids, when you're young never wed an old man.
 For they've got no, falorum, faliddle falorum,
 They've got no falorum, faliddle all day,
 They've got no falorum, they've lost their ding dorum,
 So maids, when you're young never wed an old man.

Now when we went to church, hey ding doo rum down,
 Now when we went to church, hey doo rum down,
 Now when we went to church he left me in the lurch -
 Maids, when you're young never wed an old man.

Now when we went to bed, hey ding doo rum down,
 Now when we went to bed, hey doo rum down,
 Now when we went to bed he neither done nor said -
 Maids, when you're young never wed an old man.

Now when he went to sleep, hey ding doo rum down,
 Now when he went to sleep, hey doo rum down,
 Now when he went to sleep out of bed I did creep -
 Into the arms of a jolly young man,
 And I found his falorum, faliddle falorum,
 I found his falorum, faliddle all day,
 I found his falorum, he got my ding dorum,
 So maids, when you're young never wed an old man. x

[In the Norfolk dialect 'came' would become 'come'; 'down'
 would be 'dewn'; 'courtin' would sustain a glottal stop
 in place of the t; etc.]

X

The Good Ship "Venus".[time: Come & fetch/chose]
your loved one

'Twas on the good ship "Venus", my God, you should have seen us -
 The figurehead a ^(what) ^{RS2} pro in bed, the mast/the captain's penis' /^{rampan}
 Frigging in the rigging, wanking on the planking.
 Tossing on the crossing² for there's fuck all else to do.

The captain of the lugger was a dirty filthy bugger -
 /He wasn't fit to shovel shit from one ^{hold} ^{ship} to another. /^{Declared}
 unfit, RS2.

The captain's name was Hall; he only had one ball,
 And with that knacker he rolled tobacco around the galley wall.⁵

The stoker's name was Copper; my God, he had a whopper -
 Once round the deck, twice round his neck, and up his arse for
 a stopper.

The cook's⁴ name it was Mabel; by golly, she was able -
 She gave the crew their nightly screw upon the galley table.

The bosun's name was Andy; my God, he was a dandy -
 We browned his plunk in boiling sprunk for pissing in the brandy.

The cabin-boy's name was Kipper; a crafty little nipper -
 He stuffed his arse with broken glass and circumcised the skipper.

The engineer's name was Dave; he found a dead whore in a cave -
 It takes some pluck to have a cold fuck, but think of the money
 you save.³

The first mate's name was Carter; my God, he was a farter -
 When the wind wouldn't blow and the ship wouldn't go we got
 Carter the farter to start 'er.

The second mate was also named Carter, but he was a musical farter -
 He could play anything from God save the King to Beethoven's
 Moonlight Sonata

the captain's eldest daughter she fell into the water;
Delighted squeals revealed that she had found her sexual partner

"Invent on the China Station we caused a great sensation -
We sank a junk in a pool of sperm by mutual masturbation.

1 Various "The figurehead a pro in bed, sucking the captain's penis."

"A maidenhead the figurehead, the mast the captain's penis."

2 Or "Incest in the crow's nest, for there's fuck all...."

3 Adapted from the Limerick:

"There was a young Scotsman called Dave,

Who found a dead whore in a cave," etc. 'Mermaid' can
be substituted for 'dead whore.'

4 Or "The captain's wife was Mabel; by golly she was able -
She gave the crew their daily screw upon the ^{chart} {wheel} house table"
[but see 5 below].

The steward's name was Sylvester; he was a virgin-tester.

He stuck his prick through {thin & thick 'til it began to fester.
membranes thick and left them there to fester

CHM

DH11.

5 After this verse may go:

"His wife was baptised Charlotte, born and bred a harlot -

RS2

Her cunt at night was lily-white; in the morning it was scarlet!

The [second mate]'s name was Skeemer - my god! he was a dreamer

He tossed off twice in a sack of rice and called it semenline

DH11

The ship's dog's name was Rover, the whole crew did him over
We ground and ground that faithful hound from Hong Kong
back to Dover J. Blakey.

The ship's cook was O'Halley; he didn't dilly-dally -

He shot his bolt with such a jolt he whitewashed half the
galley J. Blakey.

The third mate's name was Morgan, a homosexual gorgon -
When he couldn't fuck he'd sit and suck his reproductive organ
P. Newman.

The Gay Caballero

There once was a gay caballero, an exceedingly gay caballero,
 Who christened his prick Esmeralda Marie,
 Esmeralda Mirel del Mario.

He went to a lowdown casino, an exceedingly lowdown casino,
 And with him he took Esmeralda Marie. ck.

He there met a gay senorita, an exceedingly gay senorita,
 And to her he showed Esmeralda Marie
 Esmeralda Mirel del Mario.

* ->

[^{He contracted} She gave him] the dreaded poxino, the exceedingly dreaded poxino,
 Which blackened the tip of (Esmeralda Marie,
 Esmeralda Mirel del Mario.

He went to a shady medico, an exceedingly shady medico,
 Who cut off the tip of 'meralda Marie.
 Esmeralda Mirel del Mario.

Now he sits on the banks of the Rio, the exceedingly beautiful Rio,
 Sucking the tip of 'meralda Marie,
 Esmeralda Mirel del Mario.

BP & TD.

*> She showed him a dark cantino, an exceedingly dark cantino
 And in it he rammed Esmeralda Marie
 Esmeralda Mirel del Mario

IPett

The Queensland Overlander

There are men we all know well, they bring the cattle over
On every track from the Gulf and back - the outback & the shore.
So pass the belly round, one leggo, don't let the gut get round there
For tonight we'll drink a toast to the Queensland Overlander.

I've a girl in Brisbane town, she says "Don't leave me lonely."
I say "It's sad, but my old dad had room for one girl only."

Round the northern plains girls and grass are plenty
And when the creeks run dry or the hot high sun dries up the plenty

When we pass through many a town the children raise my hander -
"O mother, mother, take a look, here comes an overlander!"

Now we're bound for home once more; well time like pigs in clover,
And with the whole year's cheque, well, what the heck - well drink
until it's over

We're off to the plains once more; I've a mare, she's quite a gem,
So I'll find a job with the rolling mat on the banks of the Macintyre.

The Hair on her Dicky-side (one: The Fish Gore)

The mayor of Seaport had got a pretty daughter
And the hair on her dicky-side hang down to her knees;
One black one, one white one, and one with a bit of blue in,
And the hair on her dicky-side hang down to her knees.

They act as a fender to protect her pudenda,
And the hair on her dicky-side hang down to her knees.

If she were my daughter I'd have them cut short,
And the hair on her dicky-side hang down to her knees.

It'd take a conchuner to find her vagina,
And the hairs on her dicky-side hang down to her knees

RS1

I've smelt it, I've felt it, it's just like a bit of velvet
And the hairs on her dicky-side hang down to her knees.

RS1

(The following verses are ~~both~~ ^{to the printing} inferior (and also unconnected
with the girls' public house. They may represent later material to
the song.)

I've seen it, I've seen it, I've been in between it,

RS1

I chased her, I caught her, I gave her a baby daughter

RS

She lives on a mountain and dances like a Kinky fountain,

RS1

She married an Italian with balls like a Kinky stillion.

RS

✓ Koedam School (Whoredom School).

We are from Koedam, good girls are we -

We take a pride in our virginity;

We ~~take~~ take all precautions against all attention

For we are from Koedam School! Up school! Up school! Up school!

Right up school! La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la!

RS1

La-la-la three fingers up yours are!

hmm back to front - two fingers up your cunt!

} RS

Our school porter, he is a fool,

He's only got a teeny-weeny tool -

It's all right for Kipling and little girls' wheelies

But not for the Koedam School!

RS1

THE WORK OF THE BOOK HAS V.D. 17

For what purpose he is a poet, he has got an enormous bill
He will not let himself be a young thing, friends
But not let the children school!

10

For what purpose, for some it says, to help the poor and help
For what purpose and help and help and help and help
For what purpose the children school!

11

For what purpose the children school, the children school,
The children school, the children school, the children school,
The children school, the children school, the children school,
The children school, the children school, the children school!

12

For what purpose the children school, the children school, the children school,
The children school, the children school, the children school,
The children school, the children school, the children school,
The children school, the children school, the children school!

13

For what purpose the children school, the children school, the children school,
The children school, the children school, the children school,
The children school, the children school, the children school,
The children school, the children school, the children school!



14

For what purpose the children school, the children school, the children school,
The children school, the children school, the children school,
The children school, the children school, the children school,
The children school, the children school, the children school!

15

For what purpose the children school, the children school, the children school,
The children school, the children school, the children school,
The children school, the children school, the children school,
The children school, the children school, the children school!

16

For what purpose the children school, the children school, the children school,
The children school, the children school, the children school,
The children school, the children school, the children school,
The children school, the children school, the children school!

9-10 Aug [65]

* The Nurtling Rhyme (adapted tune: Lusty Young Smith).

Now you lovers of bucolic ditties, a sad tale I have for to tell
Of a young overzealous collector of songs, whose researches we all know
So well.

He would tour the green lanes of Old England with his notebook
and pencil in hand

Till one day to his woe he ~~concluded~~ ^{concluded} he'd obtained every song in the land.
As he sat in an alehouse a-quaffing, his boredom and grief to dismiss
He heard two old yokels a-talking as they wandered outside for a piss.
"Is thee gwan t' Long Hurking that May Eve?" the first to the
second did say,
"For to hear Ancient Ruben a-singin'!" "A-Nurtling we'll go in the 'ay?"
"Be I gwan?" said his mate, "Be I buggery! I wouldn't miss
Ruben for out;

But they say the old bardard ain't fit like 'ee were, an' 'is leg is
~~half-crippled~~ ^{half-crippled} with gout."

Now this young overzealous collector, he sprang with a cry to his feet:
"And where might old Ruben be singing, ~~the song~~ for his ancient I'd
much like to meet?"

The rustics turned round as he hailed them, and ~~rejoiced~~ him from noddle
to toe;

"To the 'Maymakers' besom; Long Hurking," said one, "this May Eve
as is you must go."

And so on the ~~very next~~ ^{following} May Eve the collector made haste to that inn
And arrived just in time at the tavern to hear ancient Ruben begin.
To the midst of the ~~gathering~~ ^{gathering} he shuffled, with a slow and laborious stoop
And a tremor of keen expectation ran through the hushed waiting group.
He adopted the time-honoured posture, which he'd done every May Eve before.
But he slipped in some mud and went down over head, and fell with a crash
to the floor.

64. They plied the old buggery with brandy. They plied him with whiskey & gin
But his eyes opened wide, his head fell to one side and it (like) the
he'd given it in.

5 (★) Old Reuben got up from his berstool and painfully straightened his legs
And emptied his pot of methoglin right down to the very last drop.

7 "He's gone!" cried the young song-collector, as he tore out his hair in great
hanks.

"O that he'd been a bit steadier on those ancient and gout-ridden shanks!"
He ran with a shriek to the doorway, in his eye an unnatural light,
And, shrieking and raving and cursing, he was soon swallowed up by the
night.

8 And then, from the old village duckpond, they all heard a most bloodchilling sound:
First a scream, then a splash, then a gurgle, then once more a silence profound.
'Twas then that the corpse of old Reuben raised itself with a grunt from the
floor.

"Bloody vorreners," muttered the ancient, ^{and he started his ditty once} ~~and he started his ditty once~~ ^{more:} ~~and he started his ditty once~~ ^{more:}
* * * *

[Here follows part of old Reuben's Nurtling Rhyme as is known
only to himself]:

The Nurtling Rhyme (tune: The Vly).

I takes young maidens to the ricks,
But much to their dismay
They gets their drawers all full o' straws
When nurting in the 'ay.

9 Aug.
65.

[& see p. 147 for fuller
treatment of this song]

When I meets a damsel in the lanes
We pass the time o' day;
/And then we/ pass the time o' night /But I'd rather/pass
A-nurting in the 'ay.

They say a needle in a stack
Once lost is there to stay;
But needles aint the only thing
Gets lost amongst the 'ay.

When I was over at yonder farm
I courted fair young Nellie
And now her apron string out {tie meet}
Across her lovely belly 30/11/65
or: Now she can't get her apron strings
To meet around her belly

Chor. For some delights in boggethin' for mowin',
But of all the things that I likes best, give I the wild oat sowin'. 29/11/65

Unfortunate Miss Baily.

A captain bold from Halifax, who dwelt in country quarters
 Seduced a maid, who hanged herself one morning in her garters.
 His wicked conscience smited him; he lost his stomach daily.
 He took to drinking turpentine and thought upon Miss Baily.
 O, Miss Baily, unfortunate Miss Baily.

One night, betimes, he went to bed, for he had caught a fever.
 Said he "I am a handsome man, but I'm a gay deceiver."
 His candle, just at twelve o' clock, began to burn quite palely;
 A ghost stepped up to his bedside and said "Behold, Miss Baily."

"Avaunt, Miss Baily!" then he cried, "Your face looks white and mealy."
 "Dear Captain Smith," the ghost replied, "you've used me ungentlely;
 The coroner's inquest goes hard with me, because I've acted frailly,
 And Parson Biggs won't bury me, though I'm a dead Miss Baily."

"Dear ma'am," says he, "since you and I accounts must once for all close,
 I have a one pound note in my regimental small clothes.
 'I will bribe the sexton for your grave.' The ghost then vanished gaily,
 Crying "Bless you, wicked Captain Smith - remember poor Miss Baily!"

Old King Cole.

(3c)

- ① Old King Cole was a bugger for his hole,
 And a bugger for his hole was he;
 He called for his wife in the middle of the night
 And he called for his fiddlers three.

Now every fiddler had a very fine fiddle
 And a very fine fiddle had he.

'Fiddle diddle dee diddle dee,' said the fiddlers,

'Merry merry men are we!

There's none so fair as can compare with us [boys of the nursery].'

How's your father? All right. How's your mother? Half tight.
 How's your sister? She might.
 Oompah, oompah, stick it up your jumper!

- ② Old King Cole was a bugger for his hole
 And a bugger for his hole was he;
 He called for his wife in the middle of the night
 And he called for his butchers three.

Now every butcher had a very fine chopper,
 And a very fine chopper had he.
 'Put it on the block; chop it off,' said the butchers
 'Fiddle diddle dee diddle dee,' said the fiddlers (etc.)

- ③ Old King Cole was a bugger for his hole
 And a bugger for his hole was he;
 He called for his wife in the middle of the night
 And he called for his jugglers three.

Now every juggler had a very fine ball
 And a very fine ball had he.
 'Throw your balls in the air,' said the jugglers,
 'Put it on the block; chop it off,' said the butchers,
 'Fiddle diddle dee fiddle dee,' said the fiddlers (etc.)

- ④ Old King Cole was a bugger for his hole
 And a bugger for his hole was he.
 He called for his wife in the middle of the night
 And he called for his policemen three.

Now every policeman had a very fine beat
 And a very fine beat had he.
 'I've got a beat, got a beat,' said the policemen,
 'Throw your balls in the air,' said the jugglers, (etc.)

- ⑤ Old King Cole was a bugger for his hole.
 And a bugger for his hole was he.
 He called for his wife in the middle of the night
 And he called for his painters three.

Now every painter had a very fine brush
 And a very fine brush had he.
 'Slap it up and down, up and down,' said the painters, (etc.)

- [NB: The correct order would appear to be fiddlers, jugglers, policemen, painters and butchers. This would give the ^{more} natural progression:
- ① 'Fiddle diddle dee diddle dee,' said the fiddlers,
 - ② 'Throw your balls in the air,' said the jugglers,
 - ③ 'I've got a beat, got a beat,' said the policemen,
 - ④ 'Slap it up and down, up and down,' said the painters,
 - ⑤ 'Put it on the block, chop it off,' said the butchers, (etc.)]

* The Lincolnshire Poacher (words by Leyland, Parker, Smith & Westwood, 1962-3).

O, I was bound apprentice in famous Lincolnshire;
 'Twas well I served my master for more than many a year,
 'Twas well I served my master for more than many a year;
 O, it's my delight on a shining night in the season of the year.

One day I met a fair young lass just up from Lincoln town.
 How she bestowed her favours was a matter of renown;
 So I got fitted up, my lads, and we got bedded down:
 O, it's my delight on a shining night, a-getting bedded down.

She clung on like a limpet, lads; her legs they held me tight
 Till I was fair exhausted and for breath I had to fight.
 But, I knew I was safe, my lads, for I was fitted right;
 O, it's my delight on a shining night, a-being fitted right.

While I did rest then she did strive, for we was contraposed
 Till I withdrew a-shaking, and to my feet I rose.
 I chanced to cast a downwards glance and o! my blood it froze;
 O, it's my delight on a shining night, but o! my blood it froze.

I chanced to cast a downwards glance, and reeled back from the sting,
 For all remaining of my hopes was just the rubber ring;

Of where the rest had ended up I didn't know a thing;
 O, it's my delight on a shining night, but I didn't know a thing.

Now all you gay young bachelors that on the brink 'do stand,
 Remember, when you need it, lads, 'tis safer with the hand,
 For as this ditty shows full well, there's nothing can be planned;
 O, it's my delight on a shining night, but nothing can be planned.

The Beetle Man [Charing Cross Hospital].

(D. Stephens).

My prey is very various, from Cimex lectularius
 To Pulex irritans.

But when I kill I leave a few, so there'll always be some work to do:
 I am the Beetle Man.

Chor: I am the Beetle Man, I am, I am the Beetle Man,
 I am, I am, I a-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-am, I am the Beetle Man.

With beetle-crushers ponderous I decimate the wandering
 Invaders of the ward;
 And then that dreadful carrion flies at my fearsome clarion:
 I am the Beetle Man.

One night, when it was very late, they called me to investigate
 A very private place.
 I said "I really must insist; I'm not a gynaecologist:
 I am the Beetle Man."

One night when I was all alone, I crept into the nurses' home
 To disinfect the beds;
 And should a nurse awake in fright, I tell her that it's quite all right:
 I am the Beetle Man.

(see The Gaffiti Man, p. 4; choruses similar).

* The Maypole (tune: 'The Farmer's Boy').

Was on a jolly summer's morn, it was the first of May,
The village maypole stood erect, bedecked with flowers gay;
The village maidens clustered round, the yobels ringed them in,
And eight chimes from the church clock were the signal to begin, the
signal to begin.

Just then the door of the Brewers' Arms flew open with a bang
And on the step stood old Giles Creed, a meadful in his hand.
"The dancin' on't begin," he said, midst cries of wild alarm,
"Till I have stepped it round the pole, a virgin on each arm."

It took the village several hours to find Giles virgins two -
But when it had he stood abashed, his rash words he did rue;
And as he stepped it round the pole the folk laughed at the sight
Of the sexton on his left arm and the parson on his right.

Muckbottom Fair [First and last verses from Peter Sellers'
'Best of Sellers'; *rest by Parker & Creed, June 1960] See p. 68

'Was one fine mornin' I spied a lass there,
→ With a muckpurdy dottlekin dumberdum day,
She asked I the ~~are~~ right road to Muckbottom Fair
So I ups and ~~are~~ I shows 'er the way.

O, I ar'en, I ar'en, I ar'en, I ay,
I ups and I shows 'er the way; oooo,
I ar'en, I ar'en, I ar'en, I ay.
I ups and I shows 'er the way.

"Why, how do my pretty?" I says with a grin,

"How are you on this fine bright day?"

'Er gives I a smile and 'er beckons I on
So I ups and I shows 'er the way.

1 Originally (Parker & Creed version) "As I stood a-slashin' in one o' me fields,
A maiden was passin' right gay..."

'Er teeth were like acorns 'alf-buried in dirt,
 'Er 'air was like mildewen 'ay,
 'Er eyes were as brown as the muck in me barn,
 So I ups and I shows 'er the way.

O, us never did get to Muckbottom Fair,
 Though us sweated the rest o' that day,
 For us wandered into a thick wood by the road
 Where I ups and I shows 'er the way.

So all 'ee young maidens be warned o' the Fair;
 If 'ee don't know the way then 'ee'll find I right there -
 For the 'appiest days of my life, I dare say,
 I've 'ad shavin' young maidens the way.

Turnut-hoeing [The Fly be on the Turnut].

Was on a jolly summer's morn, the twenty-first of May,
 Giles Scroggins took his turnut hoe, with which he trudged away;
 For some delights in haymakin', and some they fancies mowin',
 But of all the trades as I likes best, give I the turnut-hoein'.
 For the fly, the fly, the fly be on the turnut,
 And it's all my eye for we to try and keep fly off the turnut.

Now the first place as I went to work, it were at Farmer Towser's;
 He vowed and swore and then declared I were a first-rate hoer.
 Now the next place as I went to work I took it by the job,
 But if I'd ha' knowed it a tittle afore I'd sooner been in quod.

Then I was over at yon's farm they sent I for a winder,
 But I sent ^{word} back I'd sooner have the sock than lose my don't bind.
 Now all you jolly farming folk! as bides at home so well,
 I now conclude my ditty with wish of you in 'ol.

The Threshing Machine!

- ③ Was early one morn~~ing~~ in the middle of May
 The folks in the meadow were out makin' 'ay.
 I says "Come, pretty darling, where we'll not be seen,
 And I'll show you the works of my threshing machine."
 So I ups and I shows 'er the way.
- ③ The barn door was open so we both stepped inside;
 My heart/it was ~~as~~ racin' as we started to ride. ^{I took off the corn} /it did {race pound}/
 From the screams that she gave it was plain to be seen
 That she'd had her first ride on a threshing machine.
- ④ The month came to August; it started to tell:
 Nellie's front parlour it started to swell.
 From under her apron 'twas plain to be seen
 That she'd been a-ridin' the threshing machine. ^[She'd been caught in the works of...]
- ⑤ The judge and the jury gave out a/"Haw, haw!" /guffaw
 /& They said/"Young man, you have broken the law; / *said the judge,
 When your apples are ripe and your grass it is green
 You'll pay thirty bob a week for your threshing machine."
 So I 'ad 'er, I 'ad 'er, I 'ad 'er, I ay,
 I 'ad 'er, I 'ad 'er, I 'ad 'er, I ay, [=I ups and I 'ad 'er, I ay]
 I 'ad 'er, I 'ad 'er, I 'ad 'er, I ay,
 And I ups and I showed^s 'er the way.
- ① [Come
~~Round~~ round all you farm-lads, for a tale I've to tell
 Of the sorrowful {^{stole} plight} of a maiden named Nell;
 She was a *ye of age of sweet sixteen
 Till I showed 'er the works of my threshing machine.

¹ For notes on this version see p. 68. Collected 13 Aug 65.

See also p. 90 for notes on the orig. & 1912 early version. ff 151, 152, 153

The 'Finest Fucking Family in the Land' ('Road to the Isles').

The boy sat in the dungeon with his penis in his hand
 And the shadows of his bollocks on the walls;
 The hair grew very thick from his arsehole to his prick
 And the mice were playing pingpong with his balls.

SAP

My eldest sister Lily is a pro in Piccadilly

And my mother is another down the Strand;

My father is a wanker & down at the Crown & Anchor

& Freeman.

My father flogs his arsehole round the Elephant and Castle -
 We're the 'finest fucking family in the land'!

① ...

② They put him into prison
 with his penis round his neck.

PG & JB.

A variant runs: 'There's a prisoner in the dungeon with his balls around his
 neck
 And the shadow of his tool upon the walls;
 The hairs grew very thick from his arsehole to his prick
 And the mice were playing billiards with his balls.'

SW & FL.

A Lusty Young Smith (Elizabethan).

A lusty young smith at his vice stood a-filing,
 His hammer-was-laid by his forge still aglow,
 When to him a buxom young damsel came smiling
 And asked if to work at her forge he would go.

With a jingle bang jingle bang jingle bang jingle,
 With a jingle bang jingle bang jingle he ho!

"I will," said the smith, and they went off together,
 Along to the young damsel's forge they did go.
 They stripped to go to it, 'twas hot work and hot weather;
 She kindled a fire and she soon made him blow.

Her husband, she said, no good work could afford her;
 His strength and his tools were worn out long ago.
 The smith said "Well, mine are in very good order
 And now I am ready my skill for to show."

Red hot grew his iron as both did desire,
 And he was too wise not to strike while 'twas so.
 Quoth she "What I get, I get out of the fire,
 Then prithee strike home and redouble thy blow."

Six times did his iron, by vigorous heating,
 Grow soft in the forge in a minute or so
 And often was hardened, still beating and beating,
 But the more it was softened, it hardened more slow.

The smith then would go; quoth the dame, full of sorrow,
 "O what would I give, could my husband do so!
 Good lad, with your hammer, come hither tomorrow,
 But pray, can't you use it once more ere you go?"

* Brewing Turnout Wine

SP

When the wurzel's ready in the fields
 And the harvest moon doth shine
 There's naught that pleasures country folk
 Like brewing turnout wine, like brewing turnout wine.

We takes our trusty turnout hose
 And ties our trousers with twine,
 Then to the turnout fields we go
 When brewing turnout wine.

We hae the turnout, strip the hose,
 Then lay the hose in a line;
 To find the dirt we stand on the hose,
 When brewing turnout wine.

Polly Von

I tell of a hunter whose life was undone
 By the cruel hand of evil at the setting of the sun;
 His arrow was loosed and flew through the dark,
 And his true love was slain as the shaft found its mark.
 For she'd an apron wrapped about her and I took her for a swan,
 And it's o and alas, it was she, Polly Von.

He ran to her side and found it was she;
 He turned away his head for he could not bear to see.
 He lifted her up and found she was dead,
 And a fountain of tears for his true love he shed.

He carried her away to his home by the sea
 Crying "Father, o father, I have murdered my poor Polly —
 I have killed my fair love in the flower of her life,
 And I'd always intended that she be my wife."

He returned to the spot where his true love was slain
 And he wept bitter tears but his cries were all in vain.
 As he looked down the lake a white swan glided by
 And the sun slowly sank into the grey of the sky.

As I was walking through a wood (time: All creatures that on
 earth do dwell...
 [Old Hundred]).

As I was walking through a wood
 I shot myself, I knew I should.
 I called for help, but no help came,
 And so I shot myself again. Amen.

/would.

Walden 1939

There were two crosses set on a tree,
 As black as black as crosses can be.
 Said one old man unto the other
 "Get off my foot, you silly buff!"

S. G. 185
1850, 1851

See p. 149 for better version of 2nd v.

My Father, My Father.

tune:
(Betsy from Pike).*

"My father, my father, I've come to confess -
I've left a poor girl in a hell of a mess:
Her clothes are all tattered, her tits are all bare,
And there's something inside her as shouldn't be there."

"My son, my son, you should've known better -
When I was your age I used a French letter."

"My father, my father, I think you're unjust -
I used a French letter and the fucking thing bust."

sc

Down in Wyoming (Charlotte) (Betsy from Pike).*

Down in Wyoming, where the bullshit lies thick,
I was riding along with my hand on my prick
When whom should I see but the girl I adore -
'Twas Charlotte the harlot, the cowpuncher's* whore.

SW & FL.

✓ She's easy, she's greasy, she's my heart's delight;
We have it in the morning, we have it at night.
And each time I have her I give her a quart;
If you don't think that's fucking, you fucking well ought.

TD

O give me a home

O give me a home where the prostitutes roam
And the pox is a common disease,
Where babies are born with six inches of horn
And their bollocks hang down to their knees.

[heard c. 1955] SAP

Be I Berkshire

[& see p. 147

Be I Berkshire? Be I buggery!

/ Hampshire

I comes up from Wareham,

/ Fareham

Where the girls wear calico britches

And I knows how to tear 'em!

* 'Betsy from Pike' is an American song based on the old English tune
'Villikins and Dinah'. For variants of Down in Wyoming, see p. 131.

?(Come & take your loved one)

Mary from the Mountain Glen.

RS1

Mary from the mountain glen seduced herself with a fountain pen;
 The pen it broke and the ink ran wild, and she gave birth to a
 blueblack child.

"They called the bastard Stephen, they called the bastard Stephen,
 They called the bastard Stephen, 'cause that was the name of the ink."

I like the girls who say they will (British Grenadiers).

RS1

I like the girls who say they will, I like the girls who don't;
 I hate the girls who say they will and then they say they won't;
 But of all, the girls I like the best - I may be wrong or right -
 Are the girls who say they never will but look as though they might.

The Chastity Belt

"Good morrow, fair maiden; let me be your lover -
 I wait at your portals unable to sleep.
 Struck down by Love's dart I lie dying and bleeding;
 Let down your drawbridge, I'll enter your keep."

Enter your keep, nonny nonny, enter your keep, nonny nonny,
 Let down your drawbridge, I'll enter your keep.

"Alas, I deceive you; I am not a maiden:
 I've married Sir Oswald, the cunning old Celt.
 He's off to the wars for a twelve-month or longer
 And taken the key to my chastity belt." [Taken the key, &c.]

"Fear not, gentle maiden, I know of a locksmith;
 To his forge we will go, at his door we will knock,
 There to enquire of his specialised knowledge
 And see if he's able to unpick your lock." [See if, &c.]

" Alas, sir and madam, to help I'm unable...
 My technical knowledge is of no avail.
 I can't find the secret of your combination...
 The cunning old barlward has fitted a 2-10."

" I'm back from the wars with sad news of disaster -
 A terrible mishap I have to confide:
 As my ship was passing the rock of Gibraltar
 I carelessly dropped the key over the side."

" Alas and alack! I am locked up for ever!"
 When up stepped a page, saying "leave it to me;
 If you will permit me to enter your chamber
 I'll open it up with my duplicate key."

Woad (tune: Men of Harlech)

What's the use of wearing braces, vests and pants and shoes with laces,
 Hats and things you buy in places down the old High Road?
 What's the use of shirts of cotton, studs that always get forgotten,
 These affairs are simply rotten; better far is woad.
 Woad's the stuff to show men, Woad to scare your foemen,
 Boil it to a brilliant hue, rub it on your back and your abdomen.
 Ancient Briton never hit on anything as good as woad to fit on
 Neck or knees or where you sit on - tailors, you be blown!

Romans came across the Channel all wrapped up in tin and flannel;
 Half a pint of woad per man'll dress us more than these.
 Saxons, you can waste your stitches, building beds for bugs in britches;
 We have woad to clothe us, which is not a nest for fleas.
 Romans, keep your armours; Saxons, your pyjamas -
 Hairy coats were meant for goats, gorillas, yaks, retriever dogs and llamas.
 Tramp up Snowdon with your woad on; never mind if you get rained or
 snowed on,
 Never want a button sewed on - go it, Ancient B's!

Abdul Abulbul Amir

The harlots of Egypt are fair to behold
 Their harlots the fairest of fair
 And the fairest, a Greek, was owned by a stoik
 Named Abdul Abulbul Amir

ICJG

A wandering brokel came over the hill
 Some said it was sent by the Czar
 And a contest was planned for all who could stand
 Against Ivan Skavinsky Skavar

RA

The contestants stood back with their tools hanging slack
 And the starting gun punched the air
 And all were amazed at the wonderful raise
 Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar

RA

All arses were shorn and no freudlies were worn
 And Abdul's arse reved like a car
 But he hadn't a hope 'gainst the long steady stroke
 Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar

GdH

Now Ivan had won and was cleaning his gun
 And he bent down to polish his pair
 When he felt a sharp root up his back passage shoot
 'Twas Abdul Abulbul Amir

GdH

The harlots turned green and the men shouted 'Queen!'
 They were ordered apart by the Czar

JB

?
 Same
 verse

Now the cream of this joke, which I yet have to quote
 Was laughed at for years by the Czar
 For Abdul the fool left half of his tool
 Up Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

RA

Now take heed my friend of this terrible end
 Of anteholes and suchlike beware
 If you must have your bit, don't end up in the shit
 Like Abdul Abulbul Amir.

GdH

~~Abdul Amir~~

A splash in the Black Sea one dark moonless night
 Caused ripples to spread wide and far;
 It was made by a sack fitting close to the back.
 Of Ivan Skavinsky \ Skavar.

While a Muscovite maiden her vigil doth keep
 By the light of the cold Northern Star,
 And the name that she constantly shrieks in her sleep
 Is Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

[The above verses are the result of selective combination of the original version with a shorter (13~~8~~-verse) later one. Verse 10 of the original, "They parried and thrust,....." etc., is too puerile to be included with the other verses above].

Silver Hairs Amongst the Gold (ditto. ^{tune} Threads)

Darling, let me touch your garter just an inch above your knee; *
 If by chance my hand should wander do not put the blame on me. *
 For the hairs round yours are silver and the hairs round mine are gold:
 Let us put the two together - silver ~~the~~ hairs amongst the gold. RS1

Standing on the Bridge at Midnight

Standing on the bridge at midnight,
 Throwing snowballs at the moon.
 She said "Sir, I've never had it,"
 But she spoke too bloody soon.

It's the same the whole world over, (etc.)

She stood on the bridge at midnight,
 Picking blackheads from her countenance.
 She said "Sir, I've never had it,"
 I said "No, not bloody well!" RS1

* Compare these two lines with stanza 6 of O no John, pp 94-5

1
x

- Où est le papier? (La Harceloise, tune of 1st. 6 lines and chorus).

A Frenchman went to the lavat'ry to enjoy a bloody good shit;
He took his coat and trousers off so that he could revel in it.
But when he reached for the paper, he found that someone had been
there before -

"Où est la papier? Où est la papier? M'sieur, m'sieur,
Je remanure (?); où est la papier?"

RS1

✓

Dinah, Dinah.

Chor: O, Dinah, Dinah, show us your leg, show us your leg, show us
your leg.

Dinah, Dinah, show us your leg, a yard above your knee.

The rich girl wears a brassiere, the poor girl uses string,
But Dinah uses nothing at all - she lets the bastards swing.

The rich girl wears a ring of gold, the poor girl one of brass,
But the only ring that Dinah wears is the one around her arse.

The rich girl uses vaseline, the poor girl uses lard,
But Dinah uses axle-grease, because her cunt's so hard.

The rich girl drives a limousine, the poor girl drives a truck,
But the only ride that Dinah has is when she has a fuck.

RS1

Down in Wyoming (variant; see p. 51)

~~Down in Wyoming where the cactus grows thick
I was walking along with my hand on my prick
When whom should I see but the girl I adore -
'Twas Hannah the Wanker, the cowpunchers' whore.
She'll charge you a tanner, she'll charge you a bob
It all depends on the size of your knob.~~

.88.

✓
If I were the marrying kind.

KST

If I were the marrying kind, which thank the Lord I'm not, sir,
 The kind of man that I would wed would be a rugby fullback -
 He'd find touch, I'd find touch, we'd both find touch together;
 We'd be all right in the middle of the night, finding touch together.

If I were the marrying kind, which thank the Lord I'm not, sir,
 The kind of man that I would wed would be a rugby scrum half -
 He'd put it in, I'd put it in, we'd both put it in together;
 We'd be all right in the middle of the night, putting it in together.

If I were the marrying kind, which thank the Lord I'm not, sir,
 The kind of man that I would wed would be a rugby lockset -
 He'd hold it in, I'd hold it in, we'd both hold it in together;
 We'd be all right in the middle of the night, holding it in together.

If I were the marrying kind, which thank the Lord I'm not, sir,
 The kind of man that I would wed would be a rugby boxer -
 He'd push hard, I'd push hard, we'd both push hard together;
 We'd be all right in the middle of the night, pushing hard together.

If I were the marrying kind, which thank the Lord I'm not, sir,
 The kind of man that I would wed would be a rugby referee -
 He'd blow hard, I'd blow hard, we'd both blow hard together;
 We'd be all right in the middle of the night, blowing hard together.

If I were the marrying kind, which thank the Lord I'm not, sir,
 The kind of man that I would wed would be a spectator -
 He'd come again, I'd come again, we'd both come again together;
 We'd be all right in the middle of the night, coming again together.

66-SP

That was a horrible song..... (1st Authorised Version).

[HEAVILY-
CENSORED]

- * There was a young man from Devizes whose balls were of unequal sizes -
One was quite small and of no use at all, the other immense and won prizes.

Chorus: That was a horrible song- sing us another one, just like the other one,
Sing us another one, do.

There was a young colonel called Loder who wouldn't pay a whore what he owed her;
"You're a bastard!" she said, as he lept out of bed- so he pissed in her whiskey & soda.

There was a young girl from the Azores whose crutch was all covered in sores-
And the dogs in the street used to feed on the meat that hung in festoons from her
[var: Not a dog in the street would feed on the meat that hung in green lumps from her drawers]. drawers.

There was a young fellow called Howells who used to eat elephants' bowels -
When he couldn't get this he drank prostitutes' piss and the wringings from sanitary towels.

There was a young fellow called Green who constructed a wanking machine -
As it quickened its stroke the bloody thing broke and whipped both his bollucks to cream.

- * There was a young woman called Nellie whose jamrags were horribly smelly -
It wasn't the smell that put you off Nell but the crust of dried blood round her belly.

There was an old man from Havanah who went on the stage for a tanner -
His favourite trick was to stand on his prick and tighten his balls with a spanner.

There was a young fellow from Kent whose tool was exceedingly bent -
To save himself trouble he put it in double and instead of coming he went.

There was a young man from Kildare who was shafting a birdcon the stair -
As he quickened his stroke the bannister broke so he finished her off in mid-air.

There was an old bishop of Buckingham who stood on the bridge at Uppingham -
~~Admiring~~ the stunts of the cunts in the punts and the tricks of the pricks that were
Admiring fucking 'em.

There was a young lady from Bude who went on the stage in the nude -
One night from up front a man shouted "Cunt!"- right out loud, just like that, bloody ~~rude~~
rude!

There was a young fellow from Ryde who fell down a shithouse and died -
He had a young brother who fell down another, and now they're interred side by side.

- † There was a young Scotsman called Dave who found a dead whore in a cave -
It takes quite some pluck to have a cold fuck, but think of the money you save.

There was a young artist called Hay who modelled a cunt out of clay -
The heat from his prick turned the clay into brick and ripped half his foreskin away.

- †† There was a young lady from Spain who thought that she'd try it again -
Not ~~again~~ ^{now} and again, but again and again, and again and again and again.

There was a young fellow named Bill who swallowed a dynamite pill -
His chest expired, his arse backfired, and they picked up his balls in Brazil.

As Titian was mixing rose balder his model stood posed on a ladder -
From Titian's position it suggested coition so he nipped up the ladder and had her.

* There is a common *fours* equivalent of this.

** Composed S.A.P. 1961-62.

† Occurs in modified form in *The Good Ship 'Venus'*, pp. 30-31.

†† Occurs in modified form in *Richard Scudler*, pp. 34-35.

✓ There was a young lady from Lynn, who had a remarkable quim -
It wasn't the size that attracted the firs but the organized scum round it.^{rim.}

There was a young girl
After going mad from devizes stood trial at the local Assizes
For teaching young boys matrimonial joys and giving 'French letters' as friends.

There was a young fellow from Stroud, who fingered his bird in a crowd;
Just then from up front someone said "I smell cunt!"
Just like that, bloody rude - right out loud!

There was a young queer from Khartoum took a lesbian up to his room -
They argued all night as to who had the right to do what and how and to whom.

When Lady Lowcut swoons her bosoms burst out like balloons -
With hauteur in his eye her butler stands by & ladles them back with
warm spoons.

There was a young lady called Dodd who thought babies came from God.
It wasn't the Almighty that lifted her nighty, but Roger the lodger, the sod!

There was a young woman from Brighton whose boyfriend said 'Christ, you're
a tight 'un!'

She said ' 'Pon my soul, you're up the wrong hole - there's plenty of
room in the right 'un.'

A brilliant young scholar from Buckingham, who wrote about girls and fucking 'em,
Was eclipsed by a Turk who wrote work after work, all about arseholes & sucking 'em.

There was a young man from St. James who indulged in the jolliest games:
He set light to the brim of his grandmother's quim and laughed as she pissed
through the firmes. RS3.

Notes on The Threshing Machine (p. 46).

LB: "This ^{version} ~~song~~ was ^{disseminated by} ~~distributed~~ a girl student at Norwich University in 1958," ~~and was based on Peter Sellers' Muckbottom Fair of the~~
~~earliest~~ I first heard of The Threshing Machine in the Spring of 1965: upon singing my version of Muckbottom Fair (see pp. 43-44) → to a friend from Somerset^(RY), I was told that it was sung, under the former title, in rugby clubs of his area. The only two lines PB ~~is~~ could recall were:

"She was a young virgin of sweet seventeen

Till I showed 'er the works of my threshing machine."

[It will be seen that, apart from the tune, the similarity between both Muckbottom Fair and The Threshing Machine is in the chorus].

At the time I concluded that The Threshing Machine was a West Country traditional upon which Peter Sellers had based Muckbottom Fair. After casting around for some months I obtained a version of The Threshing Machine from a girl student at Kingston College (p. 46).

These four verses indicated the omission of a fifth (initial) verse, & none of them included the two lines I had already got, so I added two new lines to the latter & ^{added} ~~added~~ the new verse in front.

The version I obtained was also rough & tended not to scan well; for corrections see the marginal notes on p. 46.

~~There is a threshing machine in the village that is making and~~
~~threshing machine to be seen. See also pp. 90, 121, 137, 157-8~~

✓ In Mobile

There's a shortage of good whores in Mobile, (twice)

There's a shortage of good whores

But there's knotholes in the floors

And there's keyholes in the doors, in Mobile.

In Mobile, in Mobile, in Mo' in Mo' in Mo' in Mobile -

There's a shortage of good whores but there's knotholes in the floors

And there's keyholes in the doors, in Mobile.

O the local whore is dead in Mobile,
 O the local whore is dead so the vicar goes to bed
 With the choir boys instead, in Mobile.

SAP

O the vicar is a bugger, in Mobile,
 O the vicar is a bugger and the bishop is another
 So they bugger one another, in Mobile.

JB

There's a shortage of bogpaper in Mobile,
 There's a shortage of bogpaper so they wait until it vapours
 Then they light it with a taper in Mobile.

JB

or:

There's a shortage of good/boys in Mobile, /no paper in the/
 There's a shortage of good boys so they wait until it clogs
 Then they saw it into cogs in Mobile.

JB

O the eagles they fly high, in Mobile,
 O the eagles they fly high and they shit right in your eye -
 It's a good job cows can't fly in Mobile.

AK

There's a shortage of tamperes, in Mobile,
 There's a shortage of tamperes so they wait until it wakes
 Then they chop it ^{out} with axes in Mobile.

AK

or:

They've no sanitary towels in Mobile,
 They've no sanitary towels so they wait until it fouls
 Then they scoop it out with towels in Mobile.

AK

There was a chap called Hunt in Mobile,
 There was a chap called Hunt and he thought he had a cunt,
 But his arse was back to front, in Mobile.

AK



There was a chap called West, in Mobile,

There was a chap called West who thought he'd grown a breast
But his balls were on his chest, in Mobile. AK

There's a whore by the name of Dinah, in Mobile,

There's a whore by the name of Dinah and they say there's nothing ^{finer}
Than to stuff up her vagina in Mobile. AK

¹ There's a whore by the name of Maxie in Mobile,

There's a whore by the name of Maxie and she'll let you stuff your ^{jacksie}
Up her cracksie ~~and~~ in a taxi in Mobile. AK

[Some of these verses are good - the first three or more - but most of the others are not worth the effort of singing. The last two are the most abominably bad attempts at ribaldry I have ever come across. ¹ An interesting point in the last verse is that 'jacksie' is Hindustani for 'arsehole'; a truly remarkable performance!]. ('Jacksy' - see Fryer, 1963: 37; c.1850 - , 'forces stang').

✓ We're all Queens Together (pt. 1; pt. 2 on pp. 4-5).

(tune: ~~an~~ Eton Boating Song). *

Recent researches at Oxford by Haldane, Huxley and Hall

Have shown that the wrichin or hedgehog can scarcely be buggered at all.

Further exhaustive enquiries have incontrovertibly shown

That comparative safety at Oxford is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone.

Why don't they do at Oxford what they have done at Yale?

They successfully buggered the hedgehog by shaving the spikes from his tail. 1036

✓ The sexual life of the camel is stranger than anyone thinks; for

During the mating season he tries to bugger the sphinx.

But the sphinx's posterior channel is blocked by the sands of the Nile.

Which accounts for the hump on the camel and the sphinx's inscrutable

Smile. Srip

* The bird has a female protrusion that dangles beneath it in flight,
 And to cover its modest confusion it only emerges at night,
 And by perpetual calling with a maximum-frequency squeak
 It avoids accidental deballing, or at least a testicular tweak.

The sexual life of the ostrich is something we can't understand,
 For during the mating season it buries its head in the sand.
 When along comes another ostrich and sees its arse up in the air
 Does it out ~~it~~ with its chopper and buffer it, or doesn't it bloody well
 ✓ [for another verse see p. 125]. care? 14

O Sir Jasper (tune: John Brown's Body).

"O, Sir Jasper, do not touch me! O, Sir Jasper, do not touch me!
 O, Sir Jasper, do not touch me!"; as she lay between the lily-
 white sheets with nothing on at all.

Chor: She's a most immoral lady, she's a most immoral lady,
 She's a most immoral lady; as she lay between the lily-white
 sheets with nothing on at all. 15

[With each verse a word is omitted from the end of the complete
 sentence in the verse, finishing with four highly lubricious O's].

Widdicombe Fair

"Tom Pearse, Tom Pearse, lend me your grey mare,
 All along, ~~out~~ ~~at~~ down along, out along lea,
 For I want for to go to Widdicombe Fair
 Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy.
 Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk, Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all -
 Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all."

"And when shall I see again my grey mare?"

"By Friday soon, or Saturday noon, wi'....."

Anthology of donnish doggerel

date?
(post 1959)

By BOB DARROCH
in London

IT ALL began innocuously enough. About three weeks ago The Times ran this paragraph in its Diary column:

"The secretary to the dean of divinity at Magdalen College, Oxford, wrote to a student to say he was on the list to read the first lesson at evensong. 'Please let me know,' he added cautiously, 'if you are not able to read.'"

This is just the sort of item readers of The Times like with their marmalade in the morning. They would have especially appreciated the nice use of the negative with its hint of the lengths to which the once-great schools of divinity have had to go to stay in business.

What happened next was predictable. Just as whenever The Times letters page mentions some off-beat aspect of English upper-class life (like the date of the earliest cuckoo or whether it should be pudding or sweets or afters) it is swamped with rather twee replies, so The Times Diarist's in-tray was soon filled with letters from Oxford and Cambridge alumni recalling similar Oxbridge bons mots.

Vice-Admiral Sir Peter Walker of Bath got in first. He recalled a limerick which went the undergraduate rounds when he was a student at Oxford:

*A Magdalen dean of divinity
Used to boast of his daughter's virginity
They must have been dawdlin'
Down there at Magdalen;
It could never have happened at Trinity.*

For those Australians unfamiliar with the English university scene, it should be explained that Magdalen rhymes with Maudlin and that although Trinity is the name of another ecclesiastical Oxford college, there is also a Trinity at Cambridge which in the past has had a reputation for homosexuality.

This riposte stung one correspondent into recalling another limerick from his Oxford days.

*There was a young student of Johns,
Who took to abusing the swans.
"Oh no," said the porter,
"You may have my young daughter
But the swans are reserved for the dons."*

Johns, of course, being a leading Cambridge college.

HEDGEHOG

Next came a contribution which, explained The Times Diarist coyly, would not normally be printable were it not for the source from whom it came: Dame Margaret Cole, the distinguished author and lecturer and widow of the socialist historian G. D. H. Cole. Dame Margaret said the verse was current in Cambridge in the 1920s:

*Protracted and painful researches
By Darwin and Huxley and Ball
Have conclusively proved that the hedgehog
can never be buggered at all.*

*And further protracted researches
Have still more conclusively shown
That comparative safety in Keble
Is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone.*

(Keble being another Cambridge

for the source from whom it came: Dame Margaret Cole, the distinguished author and lecturer and widow of the socialist historian G. D. H. Cole. Dame Margaret said the verse was current in Cambridge in the 1920s:

*Protracted and painful researches
By Darwin and Huxley and Ball
Have conclusively proved that the hedgehog
can never be buggered at all.*

*And further protracted researches
Have still more conclusively shown
That comparative safety in Keble
Is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone.*

(Keble being another Cambridge college.)

Who said, commented the Diarist, there are no benefits in high education? He added that he presumed that the Huxley mentioned in the verse must be Sir Julian Huxley, the world-famous biologist and writer who died recently. But he could not recall who Ball was — could any reader help?

He should have known better than to ask. The already steady stream of correspondence containing the pickings of over a century of smutty verses about England's two senior universities now swelled to a torrent. Some rhymed Wadham with Sodom while several equated Exeter (another Oxford college) with "sex at 'er."

By far the most wholesome contribution concerned Dr Phelps, provost of Oriel, who was entertaining a strict non-conformist classics don from Jesus College (or was it the teetotal socialite Lady Astor?).

"My Dear, said Phelps, will you take a glass of port with me?" "Provost," he (or she) replied, "I would as soon commit adultery." "My dear," retorted Phelps, "Who wouldn't, who wouldn't?"

Concerning the disgraceful doing with hedgehogs there was some degree of uncertainty about both the precise text of the verse and the identity of the researchers. Almost the only thing the Diarist's correspondents were positive about was that the Huxley was not Sir Julian but his grandfather, T. H. Huxley, who was known for his support of the theory of evolution, as Darwin's bulldog.

BOTTOMS

There was less agreement about the other two characters, in some versions Darwin appeared as Tyndall, in others Haldane (both, the Diarist was assured, eminent scientists from around the turn of the century, the probable date of the original verse). Ball was more problematical.

The Diarist's own researches unearthed Sir Charles Bent Ball, an Irish surgeon who wrote a book about bottoms. The Diarist was pleased that at least one of his correspondents supported this theory, also adding the additional information that Ball had once operated on Lady Dudley, a friend of Edward VII.

Another version of the hedgehog ditty, which was published in a book of bawdy ballads by Olympia Press in 1959, mentioned that comparative safety was enjoyed not at Keble but at Harvard. Other versions had the haven at Oxford, Cambridge, Balliol and Eton.

Harvard also cropped up in what was said to be a transatlantic rejoinder to the verse, in which ingenious professors at Harvard and Yale were said to be shaving the spines off the hedgehog.

Another reply quoted in *The Times* reported that the difficulty regarding hedgehogs had been overcome by researchers at Cambridge. This particular verse concluded:

*The search carries on unabated
For a creature so small and so nasty
As to baffle the Cambridge technique.*

Authorship of this version was claimed by Lord Kennel, the author and grandson of Scott of the Antarctic. He told *The Times* that he and a woman friend wrote it in 1911 while holidaying in Dorset.

In all over 100 people have written to *The Times* on this and a related topic. Of the 100 only three were offended by the debate.

To the *Times*, Diarist, with a customary good nature, apologized.



ABDUL ABULBUL AMIR AND THE FARTING CONTEST

SAP 1965

A wandering smithouse came over the hill;
 Some said it was sent by the Czar;
 And a contest was planned for all who could stand
 Against Ivan Skavinsky Skavaar.

he
 Count Ivan the Bold was well-known of old
 For his skill in the bed of the Czar, [challenge forthright]
 And his [fart] rang like bells through the shite
 That hung thick on the tents of the Shah.

The challenge of Ivan was answered ere long
 By a rumbling that deafened the ear -
 An earth-shaking blast from the vulcanised arse
 Of Abdul Abulbul Amir.

The
~~son~~ son of the Prophet was well-known to fame
 For his guile in the theatre of war;
 A battalion one day drowned in seminal spray
 Most carefully aimed by Amir.

The hairs round his arse were like mullions of brass;
 His balls could be seen from afar,
 And they swung round his feet as he strode out to meet
 Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavaar.

The contestants stood back with their arseholes held slack
 And their buttocks raised high in the air,
 And the ranks gave a cheer for the varicose rear
 Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavaar.

The starting gun went, and together they bent
 As each strained to get out the first bar;
 And the opening fart shook the heavenward part
 Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavaar.

Now the cream of this joke, which I yet have to quote,
 Was laughed at for years by the Czar,
 For Abdul Abul, who was nobody's fool
 Was crouched just in front of Skavaar.

So great was the blast from the Count's smoking arse
 That it blew him off balance, I fear;
 With a cry of despair he clawed at the air
 But pitched into the rear of Amir.

His face was quite lost 'twixt Abdul's mighty cheeks,
 But there is to come worse by far,
 For, as Ivan did learn, it was now Abdul's turn
 His talents to show to the Shah.

Abdul pulled his ^{wire} ~~and~~ and his arse belched out fire;
 His fart was the stronger by far,
 And it took off the brows and the beard and the nose
 Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavaar.

The Count staggered back from that sulphurous crack
 And expired without shedding a tear;
 He had met his sad fate at the great Lower Gate
 Of Abdul Abulbul Amir.

But though Abdul's display had won him the day
 It had so filled the good Shah with fear
 That a plug of wrought brass was screwed into the arse
 Of Abdul Abulbul Amir.

By the side of a drain where the Great Sewer flows
 Is inscribed, by command of the Czar
 "Here lies a brave heart who was felled by a fart -
 Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavaar."

The original Army version of Abdul Abulbul Amir, which I have been chasing for nearly six years with little luck, seems to deal with a contest concerning the size of the erect members of Abdul and Ivan; the poem ends with a paederastic twist. The three verses I have of the original are:

A wandering brothel* came over the hill;

* shithouse in mine.

Some said it was sent by the Czar;

And a contest was planned for all who could stand

Against Ivan Skavinsky Skavaar.

The contestants stood back with their tools hanging slack

And the starting gun punctured the air,

And all were amazed at the wonderful raise

[8 Oct 65 - I.C.J.G.:
And all ~~was~~ surprised at the size
showed of the
rise...]

Of ~~A ~~some Skavinsky Skavaar~~~~ { Abdul Abulbul Amir }
Ivan Skavinsky Skavaar

Now the cream of this joke, which I yet have to quote,

Was laughed at for years by the Czar,

For Abdul Abul had half of his tool

Up Ivan Skavinsky Skavaar.

[The person who gave me these three verses, Roger Arnold of Stroud, called the heroes Abdul the Bulbul^{the Bar} and Ivan Stravinsky Stravar.] I used all of the first verse* and pieces of the others in the Farting Contest.

8 Oct 65 - according to I.C.J. Galbraith, the first verse runs:

The harems of Egypt are fair to behold,

Their harlots the fairest of fair.

And the fairest, a Greek, ~~was~~ was owned by a Sheik.

Named Abdul Abulbul Amir.

When they're bent in the middle like a one string fiddle

When men grow old and their balls grow cold, and the tips of their knobs turn blue,
 And they hang in the middle like a one string fiddle,
 (Eskimo Nell mistakes this as ancient tales) they can tell you a tale or two.

Just buy me a drink and tip me a wink and a tale to you I will tell
 Of Deadeyed Dick and his muscular prick and a harlot called Eskimo Nell.

When Deadeyed Dick and Mexican Pete went forth in search of fun

'Twas Deadeyed Dick who swung the prick and Mexican Pete the gun.

When Deadeyed Dick and Mexican Pete felt sore, depressed and sad

'Twas mostly cunt that took the brunt, though shooting was as bad.

Now Deadeyed Dick and Mexican Pete had been working Dead Man's Creek

And they'd had no luck in the way of a fuck for well nigh over a week:

Just a moose or two, or a caribou, or a bison astray or so,

But Deadeyed Dick's was the King of Pricks and he thought such fucking slow.

So Deadeyed Dick with his mighty prick and Pete with his gun in his hand
 Left Dead Man's Creek for the rest of the week and made for a better land.

As they ranted on their randy way no man their fire withstood,

And many a bride who was hubby's pride found pregnant widowhood.

They hit the shores of the Rio Grande at the top of the blazing noon

And to slake their thirst and do their worst they sought Bad Mike's saloon;

And as they crashed through the swinging doors both gun and prick flashed free:

"According to sex, you drunken wrecks, you drinks or fucks with me."

None

They knew these tricks of Deadeyed Dick's, from the Horn to the Panamá,

So with nothing worse than a muttered curse the dagoes sought the bar;

The women all knew his playful way, Cape Cod to the Rio Grande,

So forty whores pulled down their drawers at Deadeyed Dick's command.

Now meanwhile Dick was breathing quick with lecherous snorts and grunts

As forty arses came to view, not to mention forty cunts

And you'll see if you use your wits, my friend, and you're good at arithmetic

That forty arses and forty cunts mean also eighty tits.

Now fourscore tits is a glad some sight for a man with a mighty stand;
 It might be rare in Berkeley Square but not in the Rio Grande.
 Now Deadeyed Dick had dipped his wick the last preceeding night,
 But this he'd done by way of fun, just to whet his appetite.

His phallic limb was fighting trim; he backed and took a run;
 He made a jump at the nearest cunt and ~~scored~~^{scored} a bull in one. ~~scored~~
 He bore her to the sandy floor and fucked her fair and fine,
 And though she grinned it put the wind up the other ~~day~~ thirty-nine.

Now Deadeyed Dick he fucks them quick, so he casts the first aside.
 He makes a dart for the second tart when the swingdoors open wide
 And there enters in to that house of sin, into that harlot's hell,
 A lusty maid who was not afraid, and her name was Eskimo Nell.

Now Deadeyed Dick had got his prick well into number two
 When Eskimo Nell let out a yell and called to Dick "Hi, you!"
 He gave a flick of his muscular ^{prick} and the girl flew over his head;
 As he turned about with a snarling shout, both his knob and his legs were red.

With a lustful leer he said "Look here, just take your place in the queue -
 I've got to mate with thirty-eight before I get to you."
 But Eskimo Nell she stood it well as she looked him ~~straight~~^{between} the eyes, ~~between~~
 And she gazed at his horn with fathomless scorn as it rose from his hairy thighs.

Said Eskimo Nell to Deadeyed Dick in accents clear and cool
 "You cunt-struck shrimp of a Yankee pimp, you call that thing a tool?
 If this little town can't take that down," she sneered at the crowd of whores,
 "There's one little cunt can do the stunt - that's Eskimo Nell's, not yours."

She blew a jet from her cigarette across his steaming knob,
 And so utterly bent was Mexican Pete that he clean forgot his job.
 She stripped her garments one by one with an air of conscious pride
 And as she stood in her womanhood they could see the Great Divide

She laid 'er self on a table-top where someone had broken a plate:
With a flick of her tits she crushed it to bits 'twixt the cheeks of her mighty arse.
She flexed her knees with supple ease and spread her legs apart
And with a nod to the randy sod she gave him his cue to start.

He winked his arsehole once or twice and his balls increased in size,
And his mighty prick grew twice as thick and nearly reached his eyes.
He polished it up with ^{gin & rum} alcohol to make it steaming hot
And to finish the job he burnished the ^{knob} lot with a cayenne pepper pot.

He didn't back, he didn't run, or take a flying leap;
He didn't swoop but seemed to stoop, and advanced with a steady creep.
With piercing eyes he laid a sight along his mammoth tool,
And the dead slow way he put it in was calculating cool.

Have you ever seen the pistons work on a giant C.P.R.*
With the driving force of a thousand horse? Then you know what pistons are.
You think you do, but I'm telling you you haven't got a clue
Of the work that's done on a non-stop run by Deadeyed Dick McGruel.**

Now Eskimo Nell was a broadhipped belle with a really tough construction;
She'd the strength of ten in her abdomen, and a paralysing suction.
Amidships she could stand the strain like the rush of a watercloset,
And she gripped his cock like a Chatwood lock in the National Safe Deposit.

Now Deadeyed Dick knew another trick, and he meant to save his powers,
For if he'd a mind he could stand the grind for a couple of solid hours.
Nell lay for a while with a randy smile till the throb of her cunt grew keener,
Then a ruptured sigh and she sucked him dry, with the ease of a vacuum cleaner.

And now, my friend, we come to the end of this copulatory epic:
The effect on Dick was short and quick, and akin to an anaesthetic.
He dropped to the floor and knew no more, his passion extinct and dead,
And he didn't shout as his prick came out, though he nearly stripped the thread.

* Canadian Pacific Railway. ** See 'The Shooting of Dan McGrew', overleaf notes.

Mexican Pete sprang to his feet to avenge his pal's affront
 When Mexican Pete saw Dick's defeat he pulled a vengeful stunt -

His longnosed colt with a tearing jolt he rammed right up Nell's cunt.

He sank it to the pistol grip and fired it twice times three,

But to his surprise she closed her eyes and gasped in ecstasy -

She leapt to her feet with a smile so sweet; "Bully for you!" she cried,

"That pistol shot was the best of the lot - at last I'm satisfied!"

I thought you jerks could give me the works," she said in accents cool,

"But I guess I must go to the Land of the Snow to find me a man with a tool.

"For I'm going back to the Frozen North, where the nights are six months long,

Where you get it in as hard as tin, and the ends are good and strong;

Back to the land of the mighty stand, to a place where spunk is spunk;

Not a trickling stream of lukewarm cream but a solid frozen chunk.

"Back to the land where they understand how a man should copulate;

Where skeletons prattle in sexual tattle and babies masturbate.

So when, my friend, you next intend to go in search of fun

Buy Deadeyed Dick a sugar stick and buy yourself a gun."

* Verses 2-26 from
 photostat of printed
 copy in possession of
 F. Rogers, 1961.

[In a few places I have added or exchanged words to improve the scansion of the version I originally used.* In my copy, only half of the second line of the ^{second} ~~first~~ verse appeared: 'Make no mistakes, these ancient rakes' is my addition. ^{correct words received later, q.v.} 23:1 ran 'When Mexican Pete jumped to his feet to avenge his pal's defeat'; this does not rhyme with 23:2; so I altered it (q.v.). The insertion of 'my friend' to 8:3 improves the scansion. 'Dipped his wick'; instead of 'fucked a few' (9:3) provides an extra rhyme, as does 'She blew a jet' instead of 'She blew a whiff' (15:1). 'Second' in place of 'nearest' (11:2) is more appropriate. Etc. etc. (S. Parker, 11 Jun. 1965).

Eskimo Nell is certainly a parody of the ballads of Robert Service, especially his 'Shooting of Dan McGraw' which came out in 1907/8 in a collection called Songs of a Sourdough. 'The Ballad of Blaphemous Bill', another reminiscent of the style of Eskimo Nell (compare 5:1, 6 of Dan McGraw, 8:1 of Blaphemous Bill and 19 of Eskimo Nell, for instance), was published in Service's second anthology, 'Ballads of a Sourdough' (1908).

WHEN A MAN GROWS OLD AND HIS BALLS GROW COLD AND THE END OF
HIS NOB TURNS BLUE
WHEN IT'S BENT IN THE MIDDLE LIKE A ONE STRING FIDDLE HE CAN
TELL YOU A TALE OR TWO

SO FIND ME A SEAT AND STAND ME A DRINK AND A TALE TO YOU I'LL
TELL
OF DEAD-EYE DICK AND MEXICAN PETE AND A GIRL CALLED ESKIMO NELL.

NOW WHEN DEAD-EYE DICK AND MEXICAN PETE GO FORTH IN SEARCH OF FUN
IT'S USUALLY DICK WHO WIELDS THE PRICK AND MEXICAN PETE THE GUN.

AND WHEN DEAD-EYE DICK AND MEXICAN PETE ARE SORE, DEPRESSED AND
MAD,
'TIS A CUNT THAT GENERALLY BEARS THE BRUNT - SO THE SHOOTING AIN'T
TOO BAD

NOW DEAD-EYE DICK AND MEXICAN PETE HAD BEEN HUNTING IN DEAD MAN'S
CREEK
AND THEY HAD NO LUCK IN THE WAY OF A FUCK FOR NIGH² ON HALF A WEEK

JUST A MOOSE OR TWO OR A CARIBOU AND A BISON COW OR SO
AND FOR DEAD-EYE DICK WITH HIS KINGLY PRICK THIS FUCKING WAS
MIGHTY SLOW

SO DO OR DARE THIS HORNEY PAIR SET OUT FOR THE RIO GRANDE
DEAD-EYE DICK WITH HIS MUSCULAR PRICK AND PETE WITH HIS GUN IN
HAND

THEY BLAZED A RANDY TRAIL AND NO MAN IN THEIR PATH WITHSTOOD
AND MANY A BRIDE WHO WAS HUBBY'S PRIDE KNEW PREGNANT WIDOWHOOD

THEY MADE THEIR STAND IN THE RIO GRANDE AT THE HEIGHT OF BLAZING
NOON
AND TO SLAKE THEIR THIRST AND FOR THEIR WORST THEY SOUGHT BLACK
MIKE'S SALOON

AS THE SWING DOORS OPENED WIDE BOTH PRICK AND GUN FLASHED FREE
"ACCORDING TO SEX YOU BLEEDINGWRECKS YOU DRINKS OR FUCKS WITH ME".

NOW THEY HAD HEARD OF THE PRICK CALLED DEAD-EYE DICK FROM NOME
TO PANAMA
AND WITH NOTHING WORSE THAN A MUTTERED CURSE THOSE COWHANDS SOUGHT
THE BAR

THE WOMEN TOO KNEW THE PLAYFUL WAYS DOWN TO THE RIO GRANDE
AND FORTY WHORES TOOK DOWN THEIR DRAWERS AT DEAD-EYES STERN COLLIAND

THEY SAW THE FINGERS OF MEXICAN PETE TWITCH ON THE FINGER GRIP
IT WAS DEATH TO WAIT AND AT FEARFUL RATE THOSE WHORES BEGAN TO STRIP

NOW DEAD-EYE DICK HE FUCKS 'EM QUICK SO HE BACKED AND TOOK A RUN
HE MADE A DART AT THE NEAREST TART AND SCORED A BULL IN ONE

HE BORE HER TO THE SANDY FLOOR AND FUCKED HER DEEP AND FINE
AND THOUGH SHE GRINNED IT PUT THE WIND UP THE OTHER THIRTY-NINE

OUR DEAD-EYE DICK HE FUCKS 'EM QUICK AND FLINGING THE FIRST ASIDE
HE WAS MAKING A RUN AT THE SECOND ONE WHEN THE SWING DOORS OPENED
WIDE

AND INTO THE HALL OF SIN AND VICE, INTO THAT HARLOT'S HALL.
 SPRODE A CUNTLE MAID WHO WAS UNAFRAID AND HER NAME WAS ESKIMO NELL.

SHE LAID RIGHT DOWN ON THE TABLE TOP WHERE SOMEONE HAD LEFT A GLASS
 WITH A TWITCH OF HER TITS SHE CRUSHED IT TO BITS BETWEEN THE CHEEKS
 OF HER ARSE

SHE BENT HER KNEES WITH SUPPLE EASE AND OPENED HER LEGS APART
 WITH A FINAL NOD TO THE RANDY SOD SHE GAVE HIM THE CUE TO START

BUT DEAD-EYE DICK WITH HIS KINGLY PRICK PREPARED TO TAKE HIS TIME
 FOR A GIRL LIKE THIS WAS A FUCKING BLISS SO HE STAGED A PANTOMIME

HE WINKED HIS ARSEHOLLE IN AND OUT AND MADE HIS BALLS INFLATE
 UNTIL THEY LOOKED LIKE GRANITE KNOBS ON THE TOP OF A GARDEN GATE

HE RUBBED HIS FORESKIN UP AND DOWN - HIS KNOB INCREASED IN SIZE
 HIS MIGHTY PRICK GREW TWICE AS THICK AND ALMOST REACHED HIS EYES

HE POLISHED HIS ROD WITH RUM AND GIN TO MAKE IT STEAMING HOT
 AND TO FINISH THE JOB HE SPRINKLED THE KNOB WITH A CAYENNE PEPPER POT

HE DIDN'T BACK TO TAKE A RUN, NOR YET MADE A FLYING LEAP
 BUT BENT RIGHT DOWN AND CAME ALONGSIDE WITH A STEADY FORWARD CREEP

THEN HE TOOK A SIGHT AS A GUNMAN MIGHT ALONG HIS MIGHTY TOOL
 AND SHOVED HIS LUST WITH A DEXTROUS THRUST - GRIM CALCULATING AND
 COOL

HAVE YOU SEEN THE MIGHTY PISTONS ON THE GIANT C.P.R.?
 WITH A PUNISHING FORCE OF A THOUSAND HORSES - YOU KNOW WHAT PISTONS
 ARE

OR YOU THINK YOU DO, BUT YOU HAVE YET TO LEARN OF THE INSPIRING
 TRICK
 OF THE WORK THATS DONE ON A NON-STOP RUN BY A MAN LIKE DEAD-EYE DICK

BUT ESKIMO NELL WAS AN INFIDEL - SHE EQUALLED HALF A HAREM
 WITH THE STRENGTH OF TEN IN HER ABDOMEN AND HER ROCK OF AGES BEAM

AMIDSHIPS SHE COULD STAND THE RUSH LIKE THE FLUSH OF A WATER CLOSET
 SO SHE GRASPED HIS COCK LIKE A CHATSWOOD LOCK ON THE NATIONAL
 STATE DEPOSIT

SHE LAY FOR A WHILE WITH A SUBTLE SMILE WHILE THE GRIP OF HER CUNT-
 GREW KEENER
 THEN GIVING A SIGH SHE SUCKED HIM DRY WITH THE EASE OF A VACUUM
 CLEANER

SHE PERFORMED THIS FEAT IN A WAY SO NEAT AS TO SET COMPLETE DEFIANCE
 TO THE PRIMARY CAUSE AND THE BASIC LAWS THAT GOVERN SEXUAL SCIENCE.

SHE CALMLY RODE THE PHALLIC CODE WHICH FOR YEARS HAD STOOD THE TEST
 AND THE ANCIENT LAWS OF THE CLASSIC SCHOOL IN A MOMENT OR TWO WENT
 WEST

AND NOW MY FRIEND TO THE END OF THE COPULATING EPIC
 THE EFFECT ON DECK WAS SUDDEN AND QUICK AND AKIN TO ANAESTHETIC

HE CRUTCHED TO THE FLOOR AND KNEW NO MORE - HIS PASSIONS WENT
 AND DEAD
 HE COULDN'T MOUNT AS HIS TOOL CAME OUT IT WAS STRIPPED DOWN TO
 A POINT

MEXICAN PASTE HE SPRUNG TO HIS FEET TO AVENGE HIS PALE APPOINT
 WITH A FEARFUL JOLT HE DREW HIS COLT AND RAMMED IT UP HER CUNT

HE SHOVED IT UP TO THE TRIGGER GRIP AND FIRED THREE TIMES THREE
 BUT TO HIS SURPRISE SHE ROLLED HER EYES AND SMILED IN ECSTASY

SHE LEPT TO HER FEET WITH A SMILE TO SWEET 'BULLY' SHE SAID FOR YOU
 THOUGH I MIGHT HAVE GUESSED IT'S ABOUT THE BEST YOU PHONY LECHERS DO

WHEN NEXT YOUR FRIEND AND YOU INTEND TO SALLY FORTH FOR FUN
 BUY DEAD-EYE DICK A SUGAR STICK AND GET YOURSELF A BUN.

I'M GOING BACK TO THE FROZEN NORTH TO THE LAND WHERE SPUNK IS SPUNK
 NOT A TRICKLING STREAM OF LUKEWARM CREAM - BUT A SOLID FROZEN CHUNK

BACK TO THE LAND WHERE THEY UNDERSTAND WHAT IT MEANS TO FORNIFICATE
 WHERE OFTEN THE DEAD SLEEP TWO IN A BED AND THE INFANTS COPULATE.

THEY WILL TELL THIS TALE ON THE ARCTIC TRAIL WHERE THE NIGHTS ARE
 SIXTY BELOW
 WHERE IT'S SO DARN COLD FRENCH LETTERS ARE SOLD WRAPPED IN A BALL
 OF SNOW

IN THE VALLEY OF DEATH WITH BAITED BREATH ITS WHERE WE SING IT TOO
 WHERE THE SKELETONS RATTLE IN SEXUAL BATTLE AND THE BLOODY CORPSES
 SCREW.

✓ Did you ever see....?

RS 1

O I've got an auntie Cissie and she's only got one titty
And it's very long and pointed & the nipple's double-jointed.

Did you ever see, did you ever see,

Did you ever see such a funny ~~thing~~ thing before?

O I've got a sister Anna and she's got a grand piano
And she rammer ammer ammer 'til the neighbours cry "God damn 'er!"

O I've got a cousin Rupert and he plays left back for Newport
And they think so much about him that they often play without him.

O I've got an uncle Daniel and he's got a cocker spaniel;
If you tickle it in the middle it will lift its leg and piddle.

(from Cosher Baily's
Engine, & were
You Ever Down in
Wales; I don't know
which came first).

Jack the jolly tar.

"O I am Jack and a jolly tar, o,
I'm just returned from the sea so far, o.

O I am Jack and a jolly tar,

I'm just returned from the sea so far,

With my doome^eamma doome^eamma doome^eamma day."

As Jack was walking through London city

He heard a squire talking to a lady,

And Jack he heard the squire say:

"Tonight, with you love I mean to stay.

"You must tie a string all around your finger
With the other end hanging out of the window,

And I'll slip by and pull the string

And you" must come down and let me in."

[BLINDED]

There was an old woman.....(tune:
Villikins & Dina) -

There was an old woman who woke up one night,
 Crying "Dearie, o dearie, I must have a shite -
 To hesitate now is a thing of the past!"
 So up went the window and out, ^{shot} ~~out~~ her arse.

~~There~~ There was a young policeman looked up with delight
 As down came the shit on its terrible flight.
 Now this young policeman is blinded for life
 With six damn great kids and an awkward great wife,
 And on the street corner you'll now see him sit
 With a note round his neck saying "Blinded by shit." we

The Servant Girl (see Rosemary Lane, IP: 181-3; EC: 223)

I was a servant girl down in Drury Lane;
 The mistress she loved me and the master did the same.
 One summer's evening a sailor came to tea:
 That was the cause of all my misery.

I gave him a candle to light him off to bed,
 I gave him a pillow to rest his weary head;
 I, like a silly fool, thinking it no harm,
 Jumped into the bed as well, to keep the sailor warm.

Early next morning the sailor he awoke,
 Pulled from his pocket a twenty-five pound note;
 "Take this, my darling, for the damage I have done,
 Soon you'll be having a little baby one.

"If it be a daughter, bounce her on your knee -
 If it be a son send the bastard out to sea;
 Bell-bottom trousers and a suit of navy blue,
 Learning to climb the rigging like I have climbed up you."

✓
 I out with the pisspot and aimed it at his head:
 "Take that, you bugger, for fucking me in bed!"

Now all you servant girls, take this tip from me -
 Never trust a sailor an inch above your knee;
 I trusted one once, and look at what I've got -
 Two bald-headed buggers and a bellyful of shot. *

WP

* This line may be a flight of fancy for 'twins, and a womb full of semen.'
 [One or two lines seem to be missing in this version, ~~perhaps~~].

* Blow away the mornin' dew (The Flower Song) 29 Aug. 65.

Was early in the mornin' there I spied a maiden shy;
 'Er name was Blue-eyed Mary' and she were my 'travellers' joy,²
 And it's blow away the mornin' dew, the dew and the dew,
 Blow away the mornin' dew - how sweet the winds do blow.

She stood among the fiddle dock³ all on that summer's day -
 I laid 'er on the couchgrass⁴ there without the least delay,

I caught 'er by the candytuft⁵ as gaily I did sport -
 I tore 'er ~~down~~^{gown} and brought to view 'er blushin' nipplewort,⁶

And when she lay all naked there I rarely took my leisure -
 I sank my stick of monks' rhubarb⁷ into 'er Gold of Pleasure⁸,

She 'ollered loud, she 'ollered long, and by that I did judge
 She were no Spiked Raumpion⁹, nay, only fingered sedge¹⁰,

And as she squirmed and 'ollered there, as quick as eye could wink
 The lady's bedstraw¹¹ 'twixt 'er legs had turned Maiden Pink,¹²

"And now my Blue-eyed Mary, love, I'll take my leave of thee
 To wander through the bladderwort¹³ and Everlasting Pea¹⁴."

N.B. My version of Blow away the morning dew is close to the meaning of the original, for 'morning dew' is virginity, a fact not widely publicized by music-teachers in schools. To show that the plant-names are not products of imagination, I append a list of their scientific names:

- | | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. <u>Omphalodes verna.</u> | 6. <u>Lapsana communis.</u> | 11. <u>Galium verum.</u> |
| 2. <u>Clematis vitalba.</u> | 7. <u>Rumex alpinus.</u> | 12. <u>Dianthus deltoides.</u> |
| 3. <u>Rumex pulcher.</u> | 8. <u>Camelina sativa.</u> | 13. <u>Utricularia sp.</u> |
| 4. <u>Agropyron repens.</u> | 9. <u>Phyteuma spicatum.</u> | 14. <u>Lathyrus sylvestris.</u> |
| 5. <u>Iberis amara.</u> | 10. <u>Carex digitata.</u> | |

Linné would have appreciated this song, as several of his Latin names of plants (and others) embody an earthly adjective, ie: Chenopodium vulvaria, the Stinking Goosfoot.

Jabin Jabin Kiru Ka (Australian Aboriginal).

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>① Jabin jabin kiru ka gla,
Jabin jabin kiru ka gla,
Kara kara kiru ka,
Kara kara kiru ka</p> | <p>② Jabin. jabin kiru ka, gla,
Jabin. jabin kiru ka gla,
Kara kara kiru ka.
Jabin jabin kiru ka</p> |
| <p>③ Wake, the birds are waking; rise.
Open up your sleepy eyes.
Wake, the birds are waking; rise.
Dear one, open up your eyes.</p> | |
| <p>④ Jabin jabin kiru ka gla,
Jabin jabin kiru ka gla,
Kara kara kiru ka,
Kara kara kiru ka,
Kara kara kiru ka.....</p> | |

[NB. This song is based on D. Crockett's 'The Twentieth Glass' (in *Pitt.*, 30/6/60)
: "I had it, I drank it, I fell down, I died," which in turn was cribbed
from some lines in a radio play, in which an erstwhile poet recites his
Ode to a Squamish Bird: "I had it, (I fed it, I hid it), it died." These
last lines were also the basis for my amplified poem of the same name
(Opus 28, 9 July 1960 : "We had it; we found it abandoned by Nature,
bewildered & still on the ~~at~~ rim of its nest, etc., qv.))].

* The Threshing Machine [B IP: 206-7]

not transcribed exactly
from ms, which see,
pp. 110-111.

It's of a ^{young} farmer near London 'tis said

He kept ^{as} a servant, a blooming young maid.

Her name it was Molly; ^{though} (she) was scarcely sixteen ^{four},

She would work very well at the threshing machine,

[Fal di ral, fal di-dee] Fal de dal diddle dee, fal de dal dee
Fal de dal diddle, fal de dal dee.

IP = the idiom of the
people, by James Reeves.

"O Molly," said Master, "the times ^{they} are hard.

Will you go with me into the farmyard?

You harness young Dobbin, you know what I mean —

I think we can manage the threshing machine."

* This version
coll. Cecil Sharp
in Somerset in 1906.

"O Master," says Molly, "what will Missus say?"

"Never mind," says Master, "she's making of hay;*

And while she is spreading the grass that is green

Why, we can be working the threshing machine."

So the barn doors were open, young Dobbin stood ^{and} sighed; ^{?inside}
The farmer got on the machine for to ride. SP

"O Master," says Molly, "you think very ^{clever} — ^{?keen}
I think we can manage the threshing machine."

So young Dobbin got tired of going round,

He hangs to the traces, he bows to the ground.

Though once in good order he's now thin and lean

Through working so hard at the threshing machine.

* i.e. fornicating.

"O," Molly says smiling, "we have had a loss;
 I think it requires a much stronger horse.
 If Dobbin was strong as before he has been
 Why, we would keep working the threshing machine."

Six months it passed over and truth^{for} to tell
 Molly's front parlour began for to swell;
 And that shortly after she had got her /wen — /wean
 The fruits of her labour with the threshing machine.

[See p. 68 for notes on a recent version of this song. The original (above) apparently dates back to the early 19th. century; the version on p. 46, is reputed ~~as~~ ^{to} having been 'composed' in 1958, the date of publication of the original, which up till then had been a Cecil Sharp ms. Part of Peter Sellers' Muckbottom Fair [Parlophone, 1958] was used as a chorus for the 1958 version]. See p. 121 for most recent composite of this song.

The Ball of Kirriemuir. [see The Merry Muses of Caledonia, J. Barke &
 S. Goodsir Smith, 1965]

Four and twenty virgins came down from Inverness
 And when the ball was over there were four and twenty less,
 Singing balls to your father, arse against the wall —
 If you've never been shagged on a Saturday night, you've
 never been shagged at all!

The village vicar he was there, dressed up in a shroud,
 Swinging from the chandelier and pissing on the crowd.

The vicar's daughter she was there, the dirty little nix —
 Swinging from the chandelier and pissing ~~on~~ in the drinks.

The village spinster¹ she was there, a-sitting by the fire —
 Knitting contraceptives {from an India-rubber tyre}
 {out of Army Surplus wire}

¹ Also known as 'parson's wife'; this character is...

The village policeman he was there, the pride of all the force -
They found him in the stable working off his horse.

The village cripple he was there; he wasn't up to much -
He lined the whores ^{along} ~~{against}~~ the wall and fucked them with his crotch.
[His testicles had fallen off so he.... RS2]

The village butcher he was there, his chopper in his hand -
And every time he turned around he circumcised the band.

The village harlot she was there, she had the crowd in fits -
By leaping off the mantelpiece and bouncing on her tits.

The village ^{contortionist} ~~{magician}~~ he was there; he did his favourite trick -
He pulled his foreskin over his ~~head~~ knees and vanished up his prick.²

The village idiot he was there, he liked to play the fool -
He pulled his foreskin over his head and ^{(vanished up)} ~~{whistled down}~~ his tool.²

The village postman he was there (but) he had got the pox -
They wouldn't let him near the girls so he shagged a letterbox.

The village blacksmith he was there, he was so very fat -
Amusing himself by abusing himself and catching the come in his hat.¹

Big Rab the farmer cursed & swore, & then he roared & grat,
For his forty-acre cornfield was nearly fuckit flat.³

There was fucking in the barns, there was fucking in the ricks,
You couldn't hear the music for the swishing of the pricks.³

¹ This stanza may be from the fragment 'Upon the rustic haywain the rustic yokel sat, amusing himself by abusing himself and making a cunt with his hat.'

² These two stanzas vary between themselves.

³ See 'The Merry Huses of Caledonia', 1965: 32. For other verses, see p. 115.

✓ Three German Generals

Three German generals crossed the Rhine, parlez-vous! (twice)

Three German generals crossed the Rhine -

They /fucked all the women and drank all the wine, /raped

Inky-pinky, parlez-vous!

They came unto a wayside inn, parlez-vous!

They came unto a wayside inn -

Pissed on the door and walked right in,

Inky-pinky, parlez-vous!

The landlord had a daughter fair, parlez-vous!

The landlord had a daughter fair -

With lily-white tits and golden hair,

Inky-pinky, parlez-vous!

They took her up the rickety stair, parlez-vous!

They took her up the rickety stair -

And ripped of her clothes till she was bare,

Inky-pinky, parlez-vous!

They tied her to a leg of the bed, parlez-vous!

They tied her to a leg of the bed -

Shagged her till she was nearly dead,

Inky-pinky, parlez-vous!

They dragged her down a leafy cane, parlez-vous!

They dragged her down a leafy cane -

And shagged her back to life again,

Inky-pinky, parlez-vous!

[This made them all feel so ashamed, parlez-vous!

This made them all feel so ashamed -

They shagged her back to life again, etc., is a variant of stanza 6].

The German generals went to Hell, parlez-vous!
 The German generals went to Hell —
 And shagged the Devil's wife as well,
 Inky-pinky, parlez-vous!

'Twas on the Resurrection Morn, parlez-vous!
 'Twas on the Resurrection Morn —
 The dirty buggers had still got the horn,
 Inky-pinky, parlez-vous!

SAP

+ A Rare Bog, A Rattling Bog [The Everlasting Circle, see IP:211-2;]
 EC:101-4.
 (This version collected from some Sheffield scouts, Lake District, Whitsum 1965).

chor: A rare bog, a rattling bog, a bog down in the valley-o,
 A rare bog, a rattling bog, a bog down in the valley-o!

Now in this bog there grew a tree, a rare tree, a rattling tree,
 And the tree was in the bog, the bog down in the valley-o!

Now on this tree there grew a branch, a rare branch, a rattling branch,
 And the branch was on the tree, and the tree was in the bog,
 The bog down in the valley-o!

Now on this branch there grew a twig, a rare twig, a rattling twig.
 And the twig was on the branch, and the branch was on the tree,
 And the tree was in the bog, the bog down in the valley-o!

Now on this twig there was a nest, a rare nest, a rattling nest.....

Now on this nest there was a bird, a rare bird, a rattling bird.....

Now on this bird there was a feather, a rare feather, a rattling feather...

Now on this feather there was a bed, a rare bed, a rattling bed....

✓ Down in the valley

O the first time I met her, she was all dressed in green, green,
 All in green, all in green; she was my virgin queen,
 Down in the valley where she followed me.

O the next time I met her, she was dressed all in pink, pink,
 All in pink, all in pink; she made my fingers stink.

O the next time I met her, she was dressed all in white, white,
 All in white, all in white; she held my tool so tight.

O the next time I met her, she was dressed all in brown, brown,
 All in brown, all in brown; I tore her knickers down.

O the next time I met her, she was dressed all in blue, blue,
 All in blue, all in blue; I fucked her through and through.

O the next time I met her she was dressed all in fawn, fawn,
 All in fawn, all in fawn; a little bastard born.

P. Gerr.

[This song has other verses for other colours].

✓ The Muckman (fragment?)

The moon shone on the privy door.

The muckman had a fit:

The wind blew out the candle and he fell in the

Sweet violets, sweeter than the roses - †

Covered all over from head to toe,

Covered all over in shit.

[The corporation muck-cart was full up to the brim;
 The corporation driver fell in & couldn't swim
 is another fragment from the same
 source.]

[From my grandmother, Mrs. Matilda Pascoe, of Wivenhoe, Essex. Refers to the days when 'corporation' carts called at night to empty the bumbies and cesspools].

BUMBIES

✓ Little Nell.

The moon shone on the village green; it shone on Little Nell.
 Was she dreaming of her lover? Was she fucking hell!
 Beneath a tree stood Dirty Dick, the captain of a lugger;
 He tried to sell her a bucket of shit, the dirty filthy bugger.
 He took her to a wayside inn, where /unlawful things were lawful, /wicked
 And when he took his trousers off the smell was bloody awful.
 They lay upon the creaking bed; the sheets were black as charcoal.
 He shagged her till her tits were red and sparks flew from her arsehole.
 (- composite, accrued).

Poor Blind Nell

The moon shone on the village pump; it shone on Poor Blind Nell
 Did she see that pallid orb? Did she fucking hell!
 There came to her one winter's night the skipper of a lugger
 He wasn't fit to shovel shit, the dirty rotten bugger.
 He took her up to bed one night; he knew it wasn't lawful
 And though her breasts they smelled so sweet, her cunt smelled
 something awful.
 And when he went away to sea she sent him books & parcels
 Did he think of Poor Blind Nell? Did he, fucking arseholes!
 Nine months went by, a child was born - they called the bastard
 Nell
 Did she get her seven-and-six? Did she, fucking hell!

(from Matthew Erskine, engineer on MS
Dartbank, March 1967).

✓
The Rajah of Astrakhan.

There was a Rajah of Astrakhan, a most licentious cunt of a man;
 Of wives he had a hundred and nine, including his favourite concubine.

One day he had a hell of a stand, so he called a warrior, one of his band.
 "Go down to my harem, you lazy swine, and fetch me my favourite concubine."

The warrior fetched his concubine: a figure like Venus, a face divine.

The Rajah gave a significant grunt and parked his prick inside her cunt.

The Rajah's strokes were loud and long; the maiden answered sure & strong.
 But just when the ride had come to a head, they both fell thro the fucking bed.

They hit the floor with a hell of a (dunt) which completely ~~was~~ ^{buggered} the
 poor girl's cunt,

And as for the Rajah's magnificent cock it never recovered from the shock.

There is a moral to this tale, there is a moral to this tale —

If you would fuck a girl at all, then stick her up against a wall. 1H

✓ Autade for the slithouse (a graffiti rhyme).

O come away, my love, with me, unto the public lavatory;

There is an expert there who can encircle thrice the glitt'ring pan.

He, happy youth, has no idea what sufferers from diarrhoea,

Expelling clouds of noisome vapours, spend annually on toilet papers,

But tranquilly pursues his art or rocks the building with a fart.

O come away, my love, with me, unto the public lavatory. 1H

The Happy Family. (& see note on p. 118).

Tune: Deutschland, das
liles.

Life presents a doleful picture; all around is murk and gloom:

or on the
journey to the
tomb (1956)

Father has an anal stricture, mother has a prolapsed womb.

In a corner sits Jennima, never laughs and rarely smiles;

What a dismal occupation, cracking ice for father's piles.

Cousin James has been deported for a homosexual crime,

While the housemaid has aborted for the twenty-second time.

Bill the baby's no exception, for he's always having fits -

Every time he laughs he vomits, every time he farts he shits.

Cousin Joe has won the Hackney Masturbation Marathon,
But has died of self-expression since he buggered Uncle Tom.

Bert the postman called this morning, stuck his penis through the door -

We could not, despite endeavour, get it out till half-past four.

In a small brown paper parcel, wrapped in a mysterious way,

Is an imitation arsehole Grandpa uses twice a day.

From the shithouse hear him yelling; no-one helps the ancient lout;

For his plug is in the arsehole and he cannot get it out.

1H

Father's Grave.

tune: Galway Bay, vide T. Gatt.
[& see p. 134 for another version].

They're digging up Father's grave to build a sewer -

They're doing it regardless of expense.

They're shovelling his remains to make way for ten-inch drains

To ease the bums of some grand new residents.

Now what's the use of having a religion

If when you're dead your troubles never cease?

'Cos some Society Squit wants a pipeline for his shit

They won't let poor old Father rest in peace.

→

Now Father in his life was not a quitter,
 And I don't suppose he'll be a quitter now,
 And in his grey grave sheet he'll haunt the shit-house seat
 So's they won't be pleased to crap there anyhow!

And blimey! Won't there be some constipation?
 And won't those richies rant and rave and shout?
 It'd serve them bloody right to have to /bake their shite
 For fucking poor old Father's grave about!

/ ? baulk
 (hold back)

111

The Great Plenipotentiary. (see p. 106 for notes)

from 111

The Bey of Algiers, when afraid for his ears,
 A messenger sent to our court, sir;
 As he knew in our state that the women love weight
 He chose one well-hung for good sport, sir.
 He searched the Divan* till he found out a man
 Whose buttocks were heavy and hairy,
 And he~~s~~ lately came o'er from the Barbary shore
 As the Great Plenipotentiary.

/When to England he came, with his prick all aflame / ? Then

And (it) showed to his hostess on landing,

Whence spread its renown to all parts of the town

As a pintle† past all understanding.

† Cock - 'S.E. until c. 1720'

So much there was said of its snout and its head

That they called it the great /Janissary;

/ ? Emissary

Not a lady could sleep till she'd got a sly peep

At the Great Plenipotentiary.

As he rode in his coach, how the whores did approach!

And they stared as if stretched on a tenter;

He drew every eye of the dames that passed by,

Like the sun wonderful seen to its centre.

As he passed through the town not a window was dim.

* Corruption of 'Levant'

And the maids hurried out first to see,
 And the children cried "Look at the man with the cock —
 That's the Great Plenipotentiary!"

When he came to the court, O what giggle and sport!
 Such squinting and squeezing to view him!
 What envy and spleen in the women was seen
 Of the happy and pleased that got to him.
 They vowed in their hearts that if men of such parts
 Were found on the coasts of Barbary
 'Twas a shame not to bring a whole guard for the King
 Like the Great Plenipotentiary.

The dames of intrigue formed their cunts in a league
 To taste/take him in turn like good folk, sir.
 The young misses' plan was to catch as catch can,
 And all were resolved on a stroke, sir!
 The cards to invite flew by thousands each night,
 With bribes to his old Secretary,
 And the famous Eclipse was ^{not} set for more leaps* (?) ^{For a more} _{leaps}
 Than the Great Plenipotentiary.

When his name was announced how the women all bounced,
 And the blood hurried up to their faces;
 He made them all itch from the nape to the breech
 And their bubblies burst out from their laces.
 There was such damned work to be fucked by the Turk
 That nothing their passion could vary;
 The whole nation fell sick for the Tripoli prick
 Of the Great Plenipotentiary.

The first to be bored by this Ottoman lord
 [Was an old dame] far gone in the wane, sir;
 She resolved for to try, though her cunt was so dry,

*'do a leap' (fuck), 19th. century. (Leap, 1530); see Fynes, 143-75.

That she knew it must split like a cane, sir!
 True it was as she spoke - it gave way at each stroke,
 But o, what a terrible quandary!
 With one mighty thrust her old piss-bladder bust
 On the Great Plenipotentiary.

The next to be tried was an alderman's bride
 With a cunt that would swallow a turtle;
 Who had horned the dull brows of her worshipful spouse
 Till they sprouted like Venus's myrtle*
 Through thick and through thin, bowel-deep he clashed in
 Till her quim frothed like cream in a dairy,
 And, expressed by loud farts, she was strained in all parts
 By the Great Plenipotentiary.

The next to be kissed by the Plenipo's† lift
 Was a delicate maiden of honour.

She screamed at the sight of his prick in a fright
 Though she had the whole place in upon her. ~~though~~
 "Cunt Jesus!" she said, "What a prick for a maid!
 Do pray come and look at it, Mary."
 Then she cried with a grunt "O, he's ruined my cunt!
 With his Great Plenipotentiary."

Two sisters came next - Peg & Mary by name,
 Two ladies of very high breeding -
 Resolved one should try whilst the other stood by
 To assist in the bloody proceeding.
 Peggy swore by her God that the Musselman's knob
 Was as thick as the buttocks of Mary.
 "But I'll have just one drive if I'm ripped up alive ^{though}
 By the Great Plenipotentiary."

* cf myrtle (vb., fuck), 20th-century Australian usage (see Fryer, 1963:283).

† Plenipo (prick), 18-19th. (Fryer, 13:1-2-3)

All hands were bewitched and just longed to be stitched --
 Even fairies would languish and linger,
 And the boarding-school miss as she sat down to piss
 Drew a Turk on the floor with her finger.
 By fancy so struck they clubbed round for a fuck
 And bought a huge candle and hairy,
 And the teachers from France they fuck "à distance"
 With the Great Plenipotentiary.

Each shice-cunted**bawd who was knocked all abroad
 Till her premises*gaped like a grave, sir,
 Hoped her luck was still on so she'd feel the Turk's dong
 As all others were lost in her cave, sir.
 The nymphs of the stage his fine parts did engage,
 Made him free/ of the grand (?) feminary,**
 And gentle signors opened all their back doors
 To the Great Plenipotentiary.

['of their gay seminary']
 qv. 1827 version

Of Love's sweet reward measured out by the yard
 The Turk was most blest of mankind, sir,
 For his powerful dart went home to the heart
 Whether struck in before or behind, sir.
 But no pencil can draw this long-donged Pawshaw,
 Our great cunt-loving contemporary,
 But as pricks of the game let's drink health to the name
 Of the Great Plenipotentiary.

1H.

* Cunt, 19th. century (Fryer, 1963: 268).

** Large-cunted, 19th. century.

*** probably 'seminary', i.e. relieved him of his semen. Seminary is a term for the ^{semen-}receptive properties of the cunt (mid-19th. century, see Fryer, 1963: 53).

✓

The Great Farting Contest.

I'll tell you a ditty that's certain to please,
 Of the great farting contest at Shiltem-on-Peas,
 When all the best arses parade in a field
 To match in fair contest for a large silver shield.

Some lift up their arses and fart up the scale
 To compete for a cup and a barrel of ale,
 While others whose arses are biggest and strongest
 Compete in a section for loudest and longest.

Now this Easter evening had drawn a huge crowd
 And the betting was even on Mrs. McLeod,
 For it had appeared in the evening edition
 That this lady's arse was in perfect condition.

Now old Mrs. Jones had a perfect backside
 With bunches of hair and a wart on each side.
 She fancied her chances of winning with ease
 Having trained herself well on cabbage and peas.

Mrs. Blindley arrived with a roar of applause. / Bingle
 And promptly began to pull off her drawers,
 For though she'd no chance in the fucking display -
 She'd the sweetest young arse that you'd see any day.

I found Mr. Pothole was backed for a place
 Though he'd lately been put in the deepest disgrace
 For farting so loud that it drowned the church organ
 And galled the young vicar and the choir boy, / Morton / ? Morgan

The canon arrived and ascended the stand
 And addressed a few words to the gawd band;
 He read them the rules as displayed on the bills,
 Forbidding injections and usage of pills.

The contestants lined up for the signal to start,
And, winning the toss, Mrs. Jones blew first part.
The crowd stood agasp in silence and wonder
And the B.B.C. gave out a warning of thunder.

Then young Mr. Pothole was called to the front
And began to perform a remarkable stunt:
With legs opened wide and tightly-clenched hands
He blew off the roof of the Royal Grandstands.

But Mrs. McLeod reckoned nothing on this —
She'd had some weak tea and was all wind and piss.
She took up her stance and opponents defied,
But unluckily shat, and was disqualified.

Next came Mrs. Bingle, who shyly appeared
And smiled to the crowd, who lustily cheered.
They thought she was pretty, but no farting runt,
And most of the crowd wished to look at her cunt.

But with hands on her hips she stood farting alone
And the crowd was amazed at the sweetness of tone;
The judges agreed without stopping to think
"First prize Mrs. Bingle — o, she's starting to stink!"

She walked to the dais with a maidenly gait
And took with a fart the set of gold plate;
She turned to the crowd as they started to sing
And with her sweet arse burbled God Save the King.

Sergeant Boon.

[Sam the coon]

Here let us sing of Sergeant Boon
Who used to sleep in the afternoon
So tired was he, so tired was he
Down in the woods he used to go to doze away an hour or so
Under a tree, when down came a bee.

Bzz bzz bzz bzz

Busy bee, busy bee.

"Get away, you bumble bee - I ain't no rose,
I ain't no syphilitic bastard, get off my fucking nose.
Get off my nasal organ; don't you come near -
If you want a bit of fanny you can [go and] fuck my granny
But you'll get no arsehole here.
Arsehole rules the Navy, arsehole rules the sea -
You can [go and] fuck my chum but you'll get no arse from me."

111

[Notes on The Great Plenipotentiary, pp. 100-103.

~~This poem almost certainly refers to the expulsion of the Turkish rulers of Algiers (and later the rest of Algeria) in the summer of 1830, by the French. As seen in the footnotes, the veneral terms are mostly 19th century. 5:7 appears to be a corruption of 'The famous Eclipse was not on more lips.' There were no total eclipses of the sun observable in England during the 19th century.~~

Further note: from The Merry Muses of Caledonia, J. Barke & S. Goodsir Smith, 1965: 196, it is clear that The Great Plenipotentiary was written in or previous to 1788 (by a Captain Morris). Another version, slightly different and with three extra verses, appears on ibid: 199-203. This ^{other} version was not published until 1827 (e.g. The Merry Muses, op ibid: 43).

The portions of a womanCunt (lt)

→ tune: A policeman's Lot is not a
happy one [Gilbert & Sullivan]
P. Fryer: 1963
[Mrs. Grundy, p. 49]

The portions of a woman that appeal to man's depravity
Are constructed with considerable care,
And what at first appears to be a simple little cavity
Is in fact a most elaborate affair.

Physicians of distinction have examined these phenomena
In numerous experimental dames;
They have tabulated carefully the feminine abdomina,
And given them some fascinating names.

There's the vulva, the vagina, and the jolly perineum,
And the hymen, in the case of many brides,
And lots of other little things you'd like, if you could see 'em,
The clitoris, and other things besides.

So isn't it a pity, when we common people chatter
Of these mysteries to which I have referred,
That we use for such a delicate & complicated matter
Such a very short and ordinary word!

Another verse from RS2; see p. 112.

Amo, Amas.

[Mrs. Grundy, p. 49].

Amo, amas, I loved a lass,
And she was tall and slender;
Amas, amat, I laid her flat
And tickled her feminine gender.

[notes on Eskimo Nell, cont from p. 80] The last verse of Service's 'The
Jest', published in Rhymes of a Rebel, 1952, implies that Eskimo Nell^{*} had
^{noted by Service} already been ~~noticed~~ & that ^{he} Service knew full well of what it was a parody.

'These birds have got the edge on me, I've missed the lyric bus;
My rhymes and metres, I agree, are sadly obvious.
My balladising days I rue, I'm just a copyist....
God damn that devil, Dan McGrew - oh why did I write that?'

[*more likely "The Grooving of Dan McGrew." - GL.]

The trenches were full of ground for strange gardens, & I imagine that *Johnny Nell* was written by Canadian troops during the First World War; soldiers often wound around with them books of poetry and *Songs of a Sourdough* sold well. The version on pp 77-80 is a modern (Second World War?) version and may be shorter than the original; by all accounts there were several versions extant.

Artful Devices (see Partridge, E., 1961. Comic Alphabets.⁴⁹⁻⁵¹)

A is the artful devices he uses,

B is the blush as she gently refuses

D is the 'Don't' as for mercy she begs

H is how helpless she feels in his clutches

K is the kisses with which she rewards him,

L is the love that she now feels towards him.

Y is the yearning for more every day,

Z is the zeal that they carry away.

[The
CAPTAIN'S WIFE]Old Soldiers Never Die

(from J. L. McKean).

[First verse missing?]

Then up did speak the fisherman's wife, and she was dressed in black,
 And in one corner of her funny little thing she had a fishing smack
 She had a fishing smack, me boys, the mainmast and the sails,
 And in the other corner swam a frigging school of whales.

Chorus: Old Soldiers never die
 They just smell that way

Then up did speak the sailor's wife and she was dressed in green
 And in one corner of her funny little thing she had a submarine
 She had a submarine, me boys, the conning tower complete,
 And in the other corner stood half the frigging fleet.

Then up did speak the brewer's wife and she was dressed in grey
 And in one corner of her funny little thing she had a brewer's dray
 She had a brewer's dray, me boys, the carthorse and the beer
 And in the other corner, syph and gonorrhoea.

Then up did speak the gunner's wife and she was dressed in dun
 And in one corner of her funny little thing she had a 6-inch gun
 She had a six-inch gun, me boys, the barrel and the seat
 And in the other corner, ammunition for a year.

Then up did speak the jockey's wife and she was dressed in red
 And in one corner of her funny little thing she had a horse's head
 She had a horse's head, me boys, the bridle and the bit
 And in the other corner stood a horseman with a whip.

Cruising down to Yarmouth.

(from Roudy British Ballads, 1 P).

As I was a-walkin' one morning in May
 I spied a fair maiden. These words she did say
 'I'm a fast-goin' clipper, as you plainly see
 And I'm ready for cuttin' to me own count-e-ry'
 Singing fol-de-rol laddy, ri-fol-de-rol-day
 Fol-de-rol laddy, ri-fol-de-rol-day.

Which country she come from I can't tell you such,
 But from her appearance I took her for Dutch
 Her flag wore its colours, her masthead was low
 She was round at the quarters and bluff in the bow

~~She gave me a~~

I give 'er my 'awser, I took 'er in tow
 And updarn to yerdarn together we go
 She lowered 'er tops'l, top gans'l and all,
 Let her lily-white hand on me reef-tackle fall . . .

I says 'Gentle maiden, I'll have to give oar,
 For 'twixt wind and water you've run me ashore.
 Me shot-locker's empty, me powder's all spent,
 And I can't fire a shot 'cause I'm choked at the bent.'

'Ere's luck to the girl ^{with the black curly locks.} ~~that was black-crowned~~
 'Ere's luck to the girl that run Jack on the rocks
 And 'ere's to the darter who eated all his pain
 'E's a-squared his mainyard, 'e's a-cousin' again.

The Alphabet Song (see Partridge, Comic Alphabets, 1961: 49-51).

A is for arsehole all covered in shit, hey ho says Roley;
 B is the bugger who rooted in it; hey ho says Antony Roley.
 C is for cunt all dripping with piss,
 D is the drunkard who gave it a kiss.
 E is for ~~Butter~~^{Eunuch} with only one ball,
 F is the fucker ~~who had none at all~~ with no balls at all
 G is for gonorrhoea, ~~Butter~~^{goitre} and gout,
 H is the harlot /who dishes it out; /what spreads it a-bout
 I ~~is the injection~~ is the injection for syphilis and itch
 J is the jerk of the dog on a bitch
 K is the kiss that the virgin thinks nice
 L is the lecher who puts it in twice
 M is the monk, the dirty old sod ~~and~~
 N is the nun he put in the pod
 O is the orifice now fully revealed
 P is for penis with prepuce backpeeled
 Q is the Quaker who shot in his hat
 R is ~~for~~ Roger who rogered the cat
 S is the shit pan, all full to the brim
 T is the turd that floateth therein.
 U is the usher who pulled on his pud,
 V is the virgin who wishes she could.
 W is for whore who ^{makes} {thinks} /fucking a farce.
 X, Y, and Z you can stick up your arse.

Chorus

Hey ho says Roley

 Hey ho, up 'em & stuff 'em
 Hey ho says Antony Roley.

/Love is

[mainly from RS3].

The Portions of a Woman (cont.) Last verse, from RS2.
 from p. 108

And therefore when we laymen probe the secrets of virginity
 We exercise a simple sense of touch.
 We don't cloud the issue with meticulous Latinity
 But call the whole concern a simple crutch

Captain Hall (see pp. 2-3; this is another Army version of Samuel Hall, only the name of the villain having been changed; Nobby Hall is somewhat further removed).

My name is Captain Hall, Captain Hall, Captain Hall,
 My name is Captain Hall, Captain Hall;
 My name is Captain Hall, and I've only had one brawl
 But it's better than none at all,
 Damn your eyes, blast your soul,
 But it's better than none at all, damn your eyes.

They say I killed a man,
 I hit him on the head with a bloody lump of lead,
 And now the fellow's dead.

And now I'm in a cell,
 And now I'm in a cell and on my way to Hell,
 Perhaps it's just as well.

The chaplain he will come,
 The chaplain he will come, and he'll look so bloody glum
 As he talks of Kingdom Come.

Now this is my last knell,
 Now this is my last knell, and you've had a (?fucking) sell,
 For I'll meet you all in Hell.

Now I feel the rope,
 Now I feel the rope and I've lost all earthly hope,
 Nothing but the chaplain's ~~soap~~ soap.

Now I am in Hell,
~~And~~ Now I am in Hell and it's such a (?fucking) sell
 'Cos the chaplain's here as well.

From Seven Centuries of Popular Song, by R. Nettel, 1956: 203-4, q.v. notes.

I took my girl to the station (& see There once was a sailor, p. 8).

[I last heard this in about 1955, in the early part of secondary schooling] .

I took my girl to the station to see the engines shunt;

The lid flew off a boiler and hit her in the

Country girls are pretty; you should see them dance, -

They kick their legs right over their heads & show their dirty

Dicky was a bulldog, sleeping on the grass,

Along came a bumblebee and stung him on the

Ask no questions, tell no lies,

I saw a Chinaman doing up his

Flies are a nuisance, bugs are worse -

That is the end of my little verse.

/policeman; I think
a line is missing
here.

* Hey! You've got to hide your tool away.... (M. Ford & S. Parker,
Sept. - Oct. 1965, based on the popsong 'You've got to hide your
love away', popular at the time).

Here I stand gland in hand, face turned to the wall;

How can I even try, with my two-inch tool?

Everywhere women stare, everywhere they say:

• Don't you flash that thing at us.... hide-it well away!

Hey! You've got to hide your tool away!

Hey! You've got to hide your tool away!

How can I even try? I can never win;

How can my two-inch tool fill a six-inch quim?

Once I was a wealthy boy - got my greens each day,

Till, { ^{miserable} you see } I caught V.D., which ate my tool away.....

10.9.65

The Ball of Kirriemuir (cont.)

The minister's wife was there as well, all buckled to the front,¹
 With a wreath of roses round her arse and thistles round her cunt.

The minister's daughter, too, was there, and she got roaring full,¹
 So they doubled her over the midden wall and bulled her like a cow.

There was buggery in the stables, sodomy on the stairs -
 You couldn't see the dancefloor for the mass of pubic hairs

RS2.

The village blacksmith he was there - his balls were made of brass
 And when they clanged together the sparks flew up his arse.

Rug. D.

✓ The village midwife she was there, on to a very good thing -
 Carrying out abortions with a fish-hook on a string.

Rug. D.

¹ from The Merry Muses of Caledonia, Burke & Smith, 1965: 32. See ^{ibid.} p. 31 for the origin of this now endless song.

Now she's living in the cottage but she very rarely smiles:
And her only occupation's cracking ice for grandpa's piles. *

* Compare this verse with the 3rd. & 4th. lines in the first verse of The Happy Family (p. 99):

"In a corner sits Jennima, never laughs & rarely smiles -
What a dismal occupation, cracking ice for Father's piles."

Greeting to the Sergeant (Brophy & Partridge : 86) 1914-18.

You've got a kind face, you old bastard,
You ought to be bloody well shot:
You ought to be tied to a gunwheel
And left there to bloody well rot.

I don't want to be a soldier (from B. & P. : 84. 1914-18. Another version on p. 9~~1~~, possibly a later one). ~~1914~~

I don't want to be a soldier, I don't want to go to war.
I'd rather stay at home around the streets to roam
And live on the earnings of a fucking lady typist.
I don't want a bayonet in my belly, I don't want my ballocks shot away.
I'd rather stay in England, in merry, merry England,
And fornicate my bloody life away.

[B. & P. give no tune, & call it a chant. The Rugby version, p. 9. has a tune but I do not know if it has a name].

My Nelly (B. & P. : 79. Army, 1914-18). Tune: 3 Blind Mice.

My Nelly's a goer, my Nelly's a goer!
She's got such wonderful eyes of blue,
She uses such wonderful language too,
Her favourite expression is arseholes/balls to you;
My Nelly's a goer.

It was Christmas Day in the Workhouse (see version & notes on p. 1).
 The present version is from B. & P.: '17; Army 1914 18.

It was Christmas Day in the workhouse
 And the master had brought in the duff.
 Up spoke a sturdy pauper, with a face as bold as brass:
 "We don't want your Christmas pudding, you can stick it up your arse!"

It was Christmas Day in the harem
 And the eunuchs were standing around.
 In strode the bold, bad Sultan and gazed on his marble halls:
 "What would you like for Christmas, boys?"
 And the eunuchs all answered "Balls!"

* [Are there two lines missing from each verse, 3rd & 4th?]

Glorious! (B & P: 70).

Glorious! Glorious! One bottle of beer among the four of us;
 Thank Gawd there are no more of us, or one of us would go dry.

✓ My Grandfather's Cock

[another version on p. 161]

My grandfather's cock was too long for his leg
 And it hung ninety years on the floor;
 It was longer by half than his old Army scarf
 And it weighed not a pennyweight more.
 It was red, it was raw, where it scraped along the floor,
 But it was his whole (?sole) pleasure and pride.
 And it stopped short, - never to fuck again -
 When the old man died.

→ one of my favourites; to be sung in strangled Cockney.

Nellie Hawkins

(tune: You wore a tulip, a sweet yellow tulip).

I first met Nellie Hawkins down the Old Kent Road -

'Er drawers were 'angin' dahn, she'd been with Charlie Brown.

I pressed a dirty tanner in 'er filthy little 'and

'Cos she was a dirty little 'ore.

She wore no blouses and I wore no trousers,

And we wore no underclothes;

And when she caressed me, she damn' near undressed me -

It was 'eaven, no-one knows;

I went to the doctor's; 'e said "Where did you block 'er?"

I said "Down where the green grass grows."

'E said "In less than a twinkle, that pimple on your winkle

will be bigger than a red red rose."

1H, 11/65.

✓ While the train is in the station.

RS2.

While the train is in the station please refrain from urination;

Have regard for railway property.

If you want to pass some water go and ask a railway porter -

He will show you to the lavat'ry.

While the train is stationary and you want to go quite heavy

Do not drop your crap into the train;

From the carriage you must wander and a penny you must squander,

And relieve yourself with might and main.

The Threshing Machine. (composite version)

[Give round all you farm lads, for a tale I've to tell
Of the sorrowful plight of a maiden named Nell;]

She was a young virgin of sweet seventeen
Till I showed 'er the works of my threshing machine.

SP

} PB

Was early one morn'g in the middle of May;
The folks in the meadow were out making hay.

"I says" "Come, pretty darlin', where we'll not be seen,
And I'll show you the works of my threshing machine."

LB

The barn door was open so we both stepped inside -

My heart it did pound as I thought on the ride;

She 'eld the oil can while I got up steam

And together we started the threshing machine.

} LB

} RY

[The boiler was ready, the coals they did glow,
The piston it started to work to and fro;]

SP

From the screams that she gave it was plain to be seen
That she'd had her first ride on a threshing machine.

} LB

The month came to August; it started to tell

For Nellie's front parlour it started to swell;

From under her apron 'twas plain to be seen

That she'd been a-riding the threshing machine.

LB

The judge and the jury let out a guffaw;

"Young man," said the judge, "you have broken the law;

When your apples are ripe and your grass it is green

You'll pay thirty bob a week for your threshing machine."

LB

The Harlot of Jerusalem

In Palestine there lived a maid, a mistress truly of her trade -

A prostitute of high repute, the Harlot of Jerusalem.

Hail, hail, Bethusela, Bethusela, Bethusela,

Hail, hail, Bethusela, the Harlot of Jerusalem.

[or: Hi, ho, Gafoozalum, etc.]

JM

This crafty girl she knew no fear, she'd had both syph & gonorrhea,
And sterilised against diarrhoea in and around Jerusalem.

PG

Now in a hut beneath the wall there lived a Jew called One-Ball Paul
Who fucked them all, or nearly all, the harlots of Jerusalem.

JM

The Israelite, the dirty shite*, with his one ball swinging left and right,
He sallied forth to spend the night with the Harlot of Jerusalem.

JM

*, the parasite, PG.

He led her to a shady nook, and from his thighs a tool he took -
A penis like a reaping hook, the terror of Jerusalem.

PG

With his penis spitting like a Lewis gun he filled her aching cunt with come,
Enough to give her many a son to wander through Jerusalem.

JM

But that fine

~~And that fine~~ tart she knew her part; she closed her legs & blew a fart
And shot him spinning like a dart across to New Jerusalem.

JM

hurttled o'er

And as he ~~spat across~~ the sea, he caught his ball upon a tree
And there it hangs for all to see who go to New Jerusalem.

JM

[another (? later) version on p. 130], see pp 153-4

Verses 1, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8 [from JM] seem to form
a discrete version, [not merely a variant of the version found on p. 130,
and in its entirety on pp 153-4.] SEP, 18 Nov '66

In the Street of a Thousand Archbishops (Fragment).

In the Street of a Thousand Archbishops
 'Neath the Sign of the Hanging Tit
 Sat a dusky slant-eyed maiden*
 By the name of Hoo Flung Shit. (Army ditty)

[* or: Hoo Flung Dung was murdered
 By his brother, Hoo Flung Shit (School version).

✓ The Tattooed Lady (from R. Emenev).

I went to gay Paree to see a French Lady
 Tattooed from head to knee - I paid five francs to see.
 Tattooed upon her chest was a bird's-eye view of Brest;
 Tattooed on her kidneys was a big view of Sydney;
 Tattooed on her arse was a view of the Khyber Pass
 And round the corner
 And round the corner
 Was a dear old pal of mine.

JM

JM

PG

e,

IM

IM

IM.

33-4

✓

John Peel (The joys of fornication)

RS 2..

Do you ken John Peel with his coat so grey?

He's a very funny fellow, some folk say:

He doesn't wank in the normal way:

Lets his hounds lick his horn in the morning.

Cats on the rooftops, cats on the tiles,

Cats with syphilis, cats with piles,

Cats with their arseholes wreathed in smiles

As they revel in the joys of fornication!

When you wake up in the morning and you're feeling full of joy

And your wife won't let you and your ^{*}daughter's coy - ^{*[eldest]}

Then shove it up the arsehole of your second eldest boy

As you revel in the joys of fornication!

If you wake up in the morning and you're feeling rather grand

And you've got a funny feeling in your seminal gland,

If you haven't got a woman, what's the matter with your hand,

As you revel in the joys of fornication?

The donkey is a lonely bloke,

Very rarely has a poke

But when he does he lets it soak -

As he revels in the joys of fornication!

The Harlot of Jerusalem (another version). RS 2.

In days of old there lived a maid, a mistress truly of her trade
Of high repute a prostitute - the Harlot of Jerusalem.

Hey, hey, Gathuzalum, Gathuzalum, Gathuzalum,
Hey, hey, Gathuzalum, the Harlot of Jerusalem.

There lived a student by the wall, and though he only had one ball
He shagged them all or nearly all, the harlots of Jerusalem.

One night, returning from a spree, full of vitamins A & D,
Was accosted by Gathuzalum, the Harlot of Jerusalem.

Along there came an Israelite, the bloody awful bastard shite -
He said he'd come to spend the night with the Harlot of Jerusalem.

He caught our hero by the crook, and swearing on the Holy Book
He flung him into Gabriel's Brook that flows throughout Jerusalem.

Our hero, rising from his plight, grabbed the Israelite, the dirty shite,
And stuffed him up with all his might the arsehole of Gathuzalum.

Now Gathuzalum she knew her part: she closed her legs & let a fart,
And out he flew like a (fucking) fart away across Jerusalem.

And, buzzing like a bumble bee, he caught his ball upon a tree -
A warning there for all to see when passing through Jerusalem.

| She gave birth to illegits - little shits with swinging tits,
| That sold their shits for threep'ny bits - the harlots of Jerusalem.

[There is another (? earlier) version on p. 126. The present
version seems to be corrupt, as it is the Jew who had one
ball ("One-Ball Paul" on p. 126) though from the title it
seems that both male parties are similarly afflicted] ~~~~~
& see pp. 153-4.

Hannah the Wanker [variant of Carolina, see below].

Down in Wyoming where the cactus grows thick
I was riding along with my hand on my prick
When whom should I see but the girl I adore -
'Twas Hannah the Wanker, the cowpuncher's whore.

She'll charge you a tanner, she'll charge you a bob -
It all depends on the size of your knob. (incomplete?)

Bar. Bishop.

Carolina [for another variant, Charlotte, see p. 51].

RS2

Way down in Alabama where the bullshit lies thick
The girls are so pretty that the babies come quick -
'There lives Carolina, the queen of them all,
Carolina, Carolina, the cowpunchers' whore.

She's handy, she's bandy, she's fucked in the street;
Whenever you meet her ^{she's always on heat.}
If you leave your flies open she's after your meat
And the smell of her cunt knocks you right off your feet.

One night I was riding way down by the falls,
One hand on my pistol, the other on my balls.
I saw Carolina abusing a stick
Instead of the end of a cowpuncher's prick.

I caressed her, undressed her and laid her down there
And parted the tresses of curly brown hair,
Inserted the knackers of my sturdy horse
And then there began a strange intercourse.

Faster and faster went my sturdy steed
Until Carolina rejoiced at the speed,
When all of a sudden my horse did backfire
And shot Carolina right into the mire.

Out got Carolina all covered in muck
And said "O my dear, what a glorious fuck!"
Her moist sexual organ fell flat on the floor
And that was the end of the cowpunchers' whore.

Poor Little Angeline

6 Jan. 66.

Angeline was sweet sixteen,
 Pure and innocent she's always been.
 Never had a thrill: a virgin still - poor little Angeline.

The village squire had one desire -
 To breed the biggest bastard in the whole damn' shire;
 And he set his heart on the vital part of poor little Angeline.

At the village fair the squire was there,
 Masturbating in the morning air,
 When what should he see but the pretty little knee of poor little Angeline.

(raised-sp)
 As she lifted her skirt to avoid the dirt
 She slipped in a puddle of the squire's last squirt,
 And the sight he saw made his penis ^{?raw} roar - poor little Angeline!

He took her down to a leafy dell,
 Laid her down and gave her fucking hell.
 She's nothing now but a fucked-out cow - poor little Angeline.

J. Burton.

[Chor: Blacksmith, blacksmith, I love you true -
 I see by your trousers that you love me, too.
 Here I am undressed; come and do your best
 To poor little Angeline

PG & JBrown]

For full version see p. 182 - 183.

The Monk of Saint Remond. [The Common Muse, p 432] see p 1
for longer chant

There was an old monk of great renown [3]

Who fuked all the women of London town.

The old said, the lady old said

The bugger deserves to die.

Glory, glory Allelujah.

The other monks cried out in shame.

But he turned them over and did them again.

The other monks to stop his frolics

They took a great knife and cut off his ballocks.

And now deprived of all desire

He sings soprano in the choir.

The Keyhole in the door [Common Muse, pp. 437-8].

The party finished early, 'twas on the stroke of nine.

By a strange coincidence, her room was next to mine;

And having had a good time and desirous of some more

I took up my position by the keyhole in the door.

O the keyhole, keyhole, keyhole, the keyhole in the door.

I took up my position by the keyhole in the door.

She was standing by the fireplace, her figure far to warm

With only a pair of Frenchies to keep cover up her form.

O how I wished that she would drop them to the floor—

By God I saw her do it through the keyhole in the door.

My fingers they rapped lightly on the panel of the door
 And after many a pleading I crossed the threshold floor.
 And so that others should not see what I had seen before
 I stuffed that pair of Frenchies through the keyhole in the door.

That night I slept in glory and many a place beside
 And on her lily white breasts had many a glorious ride.
 But when I woke next morning my prick was red and sore —
 & it felt as though I'd stuffed it through the keyhole in the door.

They're shifting Father's grave [Common Muse, p. 436]. For slightly
 different version, see pp. 99-100.

They're shifting Father's grave to build a sewer —
 They're shifting it regardless of expense;
 They're shifting his remains to make way for 10-inch drains
 To suit some ~~the~~ local high-class residents.

Now what's the use of having a religion ^{[trouble never ceases]..}
 If when you're dead your ~~troubles never~~ bones can't rest in peace?
 Because some high-born twit wants a pipeline for his shit
 They will not let poor Father rest in peace.

But Father in his life was ne'er a quitter
 I don't suppose he'll be a quitter now.
 He'll dress up in a sheet and he'll haunt that shithouse seat
 And never let those bastards shit nohow.

Now won't there be an age of constipation
 And won't those bastards howl and rant and rave?
 But they'll have got what they deserve 'cause they had the bleeding
 nerve.

To desecrate a British workman's grave.

[This may be older than the version on pp. 99-100]

[Notes on the Blackbird, p. 119].

(16 Feb. '66)

This song, although apparently widespread through the southern counties, seems to originate from Cornwall, Devon & Somerset. The Somerset version is as follows:

Where be you blackbird to? I know where 'ee be -
 'Ee be up yonder tree and I be a'ter 'ee.
 'Ee sees I; I sees 'ee;
 'Ee knows I be a'ter 'ee -
 With a bloody great stick I'll 'ammer 'ee -
 Blackbird, I'll 'ave 'ee!

The Cornish version, according to an inhabitant, runs:

With a little bit o' luck I'll capture 'ee...

and other counties have other versions.

This song is linked with the purification of ^(cider) orchards. At one village in Somerset on the 14 January an early morning ceremony is performed. A special cider is brewed and mulled (quantities of it being consumed meanwhile), then pieces of bread are soaked in the cider and flung amongst the trees in the orchard. The song is sung during the procedure. The purpose of this ceremony, as explained by the villagers, is to drive away the evil spirits from the orchards. [qv. BBC outside broadcast, 14 Jan. 1966].

There is said to be a copy of the Blackbird, framed and hung on the wall of the first and last pub in England [? Land's End].

The Twelve Days of Christmas[from ^{Rugger} ~~Boyd~~ Ditties].

On the first day of Christmas I took to bed with me
Lord Montagu of Beaulieu.

On the second day of Christmas I took to bed with me
Two shithouse doors and my Lord Montagu of Beaulieu.

On the twelfth day of Christmas I took to bed with me
Twelve tossed-off turkeys

Eleven ~~under the weather~~, lazy lesbians

Ten torn-off testicles,

Nine gnawed-off nipples,

Eight useless eunuchs

Seven sex-starved spinsters,

Six [syphilitic] arseholes.

Ditties].

Five choirboys

Four boy scouts

Three dirty whores

Two shithouse doors

And my Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. / Fortescue of Forley.

The Threshing Machine [This version also called Our Little Nel, &
 for Eighty Eight 1888] See pp 146, 68, 83, 90, 121
 578

Time: Wilkins & Nash; Sharpe also collected the Threshing Machine to this time.

I once knew a farmer; I knew him quite well.

And he had a daughter, her name ~~it~~ was Sweet Nel

And though she was only the age of sixteen

I showed her the works of my threshin' machine.

Singing teorali-corali-corali-ay

Teorali-corali-corali-ay

Singing teorali-corali-corali-ay

I ups and I shows 'er the way, the way.

I ups and I shows 'er the way.

Now the barn door was open so we stepped inside;

Some hay in the corner I there copied.

She worked the throttle and I worked the steam

And I showed 'er the works of my threshin' machine.

O five months have passed and all is not well -

There's something the matter with our little Nel;

For under her apron can clearly be seen

The works of my naughty old threshin' machine.

O one year is passed and all is ~~is~~ now well -

A son has been born to our little Nel,

And under his nappy can plainly be seen

A brand-new two-cylinder threshin' machine.

— [I now think (25.3.66) that the chorus 'I ups and I
 shows 'er the way' was taken by Peter Sellers from one version
 of The Threshing Machine & used as chorus in his Blackbottom
 Fair (Parlophone 1958), and not the other way about].

No Balls at All

Now come all ye maidens and listen to me
 I'll tell you a tale that will fill you with glee
 Its About a woman so lovely and tall
 That married a man with no balls at all
 What? No balls at all, no balls at all,
 She married a man who had no balls at all.

O well she remembered the night she was wed,
 She pulled back the covers and slipped into bed;
 She reached for his thigh, his thigh seemed so small -
 She reached further down - he had no balls at all.

"Mother o mother o what shall I do?
 My sorrows are plenty, my pleasures but few.
 How did you ever allow me to fall
 For this son of a bitch with no balls at all?"

"Daughter, o daughter, o don't be so mad -
 I had the same trouble with your dear old dad.
 There's many a man that will come to the call
 Of the wife of a man ~~who~~ with no balls at all."

So she took her dear mother's advice
 And found the proceedings exceedingly nice -
 A seven pound baby was born in the fall
 But the poor little bastard had no balls at all. [G.d.H.]

[American version, from Oscar Brand's LP Bawdy Songs & Backroom Ballads].

Maggie May [those old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore] RS2.

Ch: Poor Maggie Maggie May, they have taken her away
 She'll never walk down Lime Street any more.
 You dirty rotten scrounger, you no-good home-ward-bounder -
 You dirty rotten bastard Maggie May!

On the night that Maggie died she pulled me to her side
 And wreathed me with a pair of flannel drawers -
 They were tattered, they were torn, round the arsehole they were worn -
 Those old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore.

They were mucked in, they were tucked in, they were drawers that she was ^{fucked in,}
 Those old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore;
 They were stained with gin and beer and with pox and diarrhoea -
 Those old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore.

When she hung them on the line the sun refused to shine -
 Those old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore;
 When she laid them on the ground grass turned brown for miles around -
 Those old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore.

Honey Babe

[American; from RS2].

I know a girl from Arkansas, honey, honey,
 I know a girl from Arkansas, babe, babe,
 I know a girl from Arkansas, she can take you balls and all -
 Honey o baby mine.

Go to your left, your right, your left (2)

I know a girl who lives on a hill -
 She won't do it but her sister will.

I don't know but I've been told -
 Eskimo pussy's mighty cold.

If I die & on a Russian front
Bury me with a Russian cunt.

If I die on a Cuban rear
Bury me with a Cuban queer.

I've got a girl in old Kentuck -
She can't cook but she sure can fuck.

I've got a girl at Niagara Falls -
She's got a mortgage on my balls.

The Chandler's Wife. [tune: The Lincolnshire Poacher; RS2]

Now the baker's boy to the chandler went, some [candles!] for to buy,
But when he got upon the spot no-one could he espy,
And just as he was about to leave, thinking that all was dead
He heard the sound of a rubbly-dub right above his head.

O he heard the sound of a rubbly-dub right above his head.

Now the baker's boy was cunning and wise, and he crept up those stairs,
And he crept up so silently he caught them unawares,
And there he saw the butcher's boy between his mistress's thighs
And they were having a rubbly-dub right before his eyes.

Now the chandler's wife was much alarmed; a-leaping from the bed
She turned unto the baker's boy and this is what she said:
"If you will but my secret keep, just bear this fact in mind -
You can always come round for a rubbly-dub whenever you feel inclined."

Now the baker's boy was filled with joy at the prospect of such fun
He vowed he'd leap upon the bed when the butcher's boy had done.
But when he came to the shorter strokes how he kissed that chandler's wife
He vowed he'd have a rubbly dub every day of his life.

Now in the morn when he awoke all over he did quake -
 His back was sore, his balls were raw, all over he did ~~quack~~ shake.
 And when he looked at his John Tom he saw he'd done the trick --
 The consequence of his rubbly-dub was pimples on his frick.

Now the baker's boy to the doctor went some ointment for to buy,
 But the doctor looked him up and down and heaved a mighty sigh.
 "My boy, my boy," the doctor said, "you've been a bloody fool --
 You'll nevermore have a rubbly-dub -- I'm gonna cut off your tool."

Now listen to the baker's boy for he should surely know --
 An enthusiastic amateur is worse than any pro;
 And if you would a-woosing go and self-control you lack --
 Whenever you have a rubbly-dub be sure to wear a mack.

The Chandler's Wife [American version, from Oscar Brand's LP
 Bawdy Songs & Backroom Ballads]

As I went into the chandler's shop some candles for to buy
 I looked about the chandler's shop but no-one did I spy.
 Well, I was disappointed so some angry words I said
 When I heard the sound of a [knock knock knock] right above my head,
 Yes, I heard the sound of a ' ' ' right above my head.

Well I was slick and I was quick so up the stairs I sped,
 And very surprised was I to find the chandler's wife in bed --
 And with her was another man of quite considerable size,
 And they were having a ' ' ' right before my eyes.

Alh, when the fun was over and done the lady raised her head,
 And very surprised was she to find me standing by the bed.
 "If you will be discreet, my boy, if you will be so kind,
 You too can come up for some ' ' ' whenever you feel inclined."

So many a night and many a day when the chandler wasn't home
To get myself some candles to the chandler's shop I'd roam,
But never a one she gave to me — she gave to me instead
Just a little bit more of that ' ' ' to light my way to bed.

Now all you married men take heed; whenever you go to town
If you must leave your woman alone be sure to tie her down,
Or if you would be kind to her just set her right down on the floor
And give her so much of that ' ' ' she doesn't want any more.
[This song is the forerunner of 'The Thing', 1950's].

The One-eyed Reilly [O'Reilly's Daughter; from Oscar Brand's LP
Bawdy Songs & Backroom Ballads].

Sitting by the fire one day, drinking O'Reilly's rum and water —
There came a thought into my head — I'd never shagged O'Reilly's daughter.
'Tiddy-i-i, tiddy-i-i, tiddy-i-i, the One-eyed Reilly,
Jig-a-jig jig, jig-a-jig jig, jig-a-jig jig, très bon.

is my name, America it is my nation;
Drinking rum my claim to fame, shagging girls my occupation.

Well, walking through the park one day who should I meet but O'Reilly's daughter,
Never a word I had to say — "Don't you think we really oughta?"

Well, down the stairs and in to bed; I shagged & shagged until I stove her —
Never a word the maiden said — fought like hell till the fun was over.

I heard ~~as~~ a knock upon the door — who should it be but the One-eyed Reilly —
Two horsepistols in his belt — he was in a fit entirely.

I grabbed O'Reilly by the hair and thrust his head in a pail of water;
Rammed the pistols up his arse a damn' sight quicker than I
shagged his daughter

'Now all you ladies, all you maids, answer now and don't speak shyly -
 Would you have it straight and true, or the way I give it to the One-eyed Reilly?

[~~An~~ ^{An} ~~English~~ ^{English} American version; English version on p. 162].

✓ The Ballad of ~~Brian~~ Brian Baroo [tune: Men of the West. Brian Baroo] [BBB].
 was an old king of Munster

I was up to me neck in the mud, sir, on a peat contract down in the bog,
 When me shovel it hit something hard, sir, [so round and beneath it I dug] it felt like a bloody great log
 'Twas a chest of the finest bog ^{oak} ~~oak~~, sir, a foot long and about so wide -
 So I said to meself "Damn the fairies - I'll just take a wee peep inside."

Now I know this is hard to believe, sir, 'twas scarcely too good to be true -
 'Twas an old Ancient Irish french letter, a relic of Brian Baroo.
 'Twas an old Ancient Irish french letter a foot long and made of elkhide,
 With a little gold tag on the end, sir, and his name and his stud fee inside.

So I cast me mind back through the ages and I pictured that hairy old Celt,
 With his wife lyin' there on the bed, sir, and old Brian Baroo in his felt;
 And I thought that I heard him a-whisper as he stood in the fire's rosy light:
 "You've had your own way long enough, dear - it's the hairy side outside tonight."

Blow away the Morning Dew [from 1P:]

As I walked out one May morning to view the fields all round -
 Was there I spied a pretty maid all on the new mown hay -

Blow away the morning dew, the dew & the dew, -

Steal away the morning dew - how sweet the winds do blow.

I ast if I should lay her down all on the new mown hay,
 And answer that she gave to me: "I'm afraid it will not do."

"O take me to my father's house and you may lay me down
 And you shall have your will of me and fifteen hundred pound."

Now when she come to her father's gate she turned herself about,
 Saying "Here I am a maid within, and thou'rt a fool without."

Why Dogs Sniff (for the Dogs' Party, s.o. p. 1).

The dogs once held a meeting: they came from near and far -
Some came along by aeroplane and some by motor car;
Before within the City walls they were allowed to look
Each had to take its arsehole off and hang it on a hook.

Then in they rushed all in a lump, mother, son and sive
But hardly were they seated when some bastard shouted "Fire!"
Then out they rushed, hearts all a-thump - no time had they to look,
And each one grabbed an arsehole from any fucking hook.

The Nurtlin' Rhyme

[& see pp. 37, 51].

tune: The Fly. X

trad-
itional { Be I Berkshire? Be I buggery! I come up from Sarum
Where all the gals wears callico drawers and I knows 'er t' tear 'em.

* I takes 'em down behind the ricks but much to their dismay
They gets their drawers all full o' straws from nurtlin' in the 'ay.

When I was down at yonder farm I courted fair young Nellie -
Now she can't get 'er apron strings t' meet about 'er belly.
They chased I off ^{with faggin' 'odes} ~~at the first sight~~ but I got clear away
For nothin' keeps a lad so ^{as} ~~as~~ as nurtlin' in the 'ay.

Some folk delights in spreadin' muck - 'tis rare fun they do say
But of all the things as I likes best 'tis nurtlin' in the 'ay.
So all 'ee fair young country gals, take 'eed' by what I say
Or needles aint the only thing you'll lose amongst the 'ay.

Chor: A-nurtlin', a-nurtlin', a-nurtlin' in the 'ay -

They gets their drawers all full o' straws from nurtlin' in the 'ay. (etc)

* The Song Collector (Opus 47, 30 June 1965).

In the forests of Celebes I have sung the native heebies
 Which they chant upon their knees before cutting down the trees;
 While on nearby Halmahera (where the native girls are fairer
 And their clothing is much rarer than is seen in Berkeley Square)
 I have garnered secret warchants from the local weapon merchants -
 It was there that by a perchance I observed a real live wurdance.
 On Ternate and Amboina, when they spot a passing liner
 As it steams on course for China, they can think of nothing finer
 Than to step out of their breeches and to run along the beaches
 And contort their dusky features with the ghastliest of screeches.
 Yes, I've worked out the Moluccas, though the climate drove me crackers
 And the fungus on my knackers I am keeping down with lacquers.

The Lily of the West.

When first I came to Louisville, my fortune there to find
 I met a fair young maiden there - her beauty filled my mind:
 Her ruby lips, her rosy cheeks, they gave my heart no rest
 And the name she bore was Flora, the Lily of the West.

I courted lovely Flora, she promised ne'er to go,
 But soon a tale was told to me that filled my heart with woe -
 It seemed she met another man who held my love in jest
 But still I loved my Flora, the Lily of the West.

Way down in yonder shady grove, a man of high degree -
 Conversing with my Flora there - he kissed her 'neath a tree;
 The answers that she gave to him like arrows pierced my breast -
 I was betrayed by Flora, the Lily of the West.

I stepped up to my rival, my dagger in my hand -
 I seized him by the collar and I ordered him to stand.
 But in my desperation I stabbed him in the breast -
 I killed a man for Flora, the Lily of the West.

And now I have to stand my trial; I have to make my plea -
 They've placed me in a prisoners' dock and then commenced on me -
 Although she swore my life away and gave my heart no rest -
 Yet still I loved my Flora, the Lily of the West.

There were two crows

(& see p. 50 for another version)

There were two crows sat on a tree -
 As black as black as crows could be;
 I loaded up my gun with shell
 And shot that pair o' crows to hell.

(tune: Old Hundredth)

J. Betteridge 3/6/66.

The Saga of Daniel.

Twenty thousand meaty, steaming peasants were gathered in the
 dying rays of the setting sun before the King who saith
 unto Daniel

"Daniel, reciteth!"

So Daniel, picking up a copy of 'Lady C' that happened
 to be lying around, reciteth:

"Two young men were walking down the road one day, when
 they were accosted by a pretty young prostitute - and while
 we're on the subject," saith Daniel, "How is the Queen to-day?"

For this and many other sins, Daniel was cast into the lions' den.

On the first day of his confinement, the King cometh unto
 Daniel and saith:

"Daniel, how is your Soul?"

"What Soul?"

"R-Soul!"

On the second day of his confinement, the King cometh unto
 Daniel and saith:

"Daniel, how is your Soul?"

"It lacks"

"What lacks?"

"Bot-lacks!"

On the third day of his confinement, the King cometh unto Daniel and saith:

"Daniel, how is your Soul?"

"It tickles"

"What tickles?"

"Tess - tickles!"

On the fourth day of his confinement, Daniel, seeing the King coming, picked up a piece of crystallized camel crap, which happened to be particularly prevalent in those parts at that time, and really precipitated it behind the King's left ear-hole.

"Shit!" cried the King.

And twenty thousand arseholes glinted in the Eastern sun [for in those days the king's word was law]. "Fuck me!" cried the Queen.

And ten thousand more were killed in the rush. ["Fuck!" repeated the duchess, but nobody moved] Save for one old Seaman who sat quietly masturbating in the corner and catching the drops in a silver spoon.

With three mighty bounds, he leapt across the court-yard, and grabbing the Queen by the cheeks, slipped her on like a well-worn sea-boot.

"Fuck me!" cried the Queen.

"What, again?" said the Sailor.

Daniel, seizing his chance amidst the confusion escaped into the desert.

On the first day of his march he came across a pretty young maiden who saith unto him:

"Daniel abideth with me"

So he abideth

On the second day of his march he met a Shaggy, Raggy, Buggy-Bach, who ragged him, shagged him and bugged him and sent him away with his pockets jangling and his arseholes lingling

On the tenth day of his march he met another girl again and cometh and saith unto him: "Daniel, I am pregnant, what steps will you take?" "Bloody great big ones," said Daniel, disappearing over the horizon never to be seen again. [J.J. Brightman, June 1966.]

I put my hand all on her thigh [Adapted from IP. 113-4].
 I put my hand all on her toe
 Fair maid at a lily-o
 She says to me "Do 'ee want to go?"
 Come to me quietly—
 Do me no injury [Do not do me injury].
 Gently Johnny my jingalo."

I put my hand all on her knee
 She says to me "Do 'ee want to see?"

I put my hand all on her thigh
 She says to me "Do 'ee want to try?"

I put my hand all on her breast
 She says to me "Do 'ee want a 'kiss?"

I put my hand all on her head
 She says "'Ee wants my maidenhead."

I put my hand all on her billy [belly]
 She says to me "Do 'ee want to fill 'ee?"

She Moved through the Fair

My young love said to me "My mother won't mind,
 And my father won't slight you for your lack of kind."
 And she stepped away from me and this she did say:
 "It will not be long, love, till our wedding day."

She stepped away from me and she moved through the fair
 And fondly I watched her move here and move there,
 And then she went downward with one star awake
 As the snow in the evening melts over the lake.

Last night she came to me, my dear love came in,
 So softly she came that her feet made no din;
 And she laid her hand on me, and this she did say:
 "It will not be long, love, till our wedding day."

✓ The Harlot of Jerusalem [version from Kings College Hospital, London]

In days of yore there lived a whore, a dirty maid, a renegade,
 Who did a roaring whoring trade in and round Jerusalem.

Hail hail Cathusalem, Cathusalem, Cathusalem,
 Hail hail Cathusalem, the Harlot of Jerusalem.

In years gone by whilst in her prime she'd been an emperor's concubine
 But lost her looks along the ~~way~~ line, had the fair Cathusalem.

The student prince came by the wall, and though he only had one ball
 He'd been through all, or nearly all, the harlots of Jerusalem.

That night, returning from a spree, the customary hard had he,
 And then by chance he happ'd to see the scurvy maid Cathusalem.

He took her to a shady nook, and from its hiding place he took
 His penis - 'twas a curved hook, the pride of all Jerusalem.

She rubbed his [ball] against a tree so everybody there could see
 His semen flowing fast and free all around Jerusalem.

And then perchance there came that night a filthy shite, an Israelite,
 Who thought that he might spend the night with the fair Cathusalem.

He grabbed our hero by the hook and then a filthy swing he took
 And hurled him into Canaan's Brook, that runs just by Jerusalem.

He climbed aboard our scurvy maid, enjoying every stroke he made,
Although the bastard hadn't paid the harlot of Jerusalem.

Our hero, returning full of fight, he grabbed the slite, the Israelite,
And stuffed him up with all his might the arsehole of Cathusalem.

Our scurvy maid she knew her part - she crossed her legs & blew a fart
And shot him straight as any dart over the walls of Jerusalem.

Rotating gyroscopically, he sped so fast towards the sea
And caught his knackers on a tree that stands outside Jerusalem.

Yes, he caught his knackers on that bough - for all I know he hangs ^{now} there
The dogs there make a dreadful row just outside Jerusalem.

She gave birth to illegits, little shits with swinging tits
Who sold their slits for threepenny bits in and 'round Jerusalem.

So ~~all~~ here's to all you goodly folk who care to have your nightly poke
Just bang it in and let it soak, in memory of Cathusalem.

[The version ~~above~~ on p. 130 is a shorter derivative of the above,
but the verses contributed by John Macdonald on p. 126 (1, 3, 4,
6, 7, 8) form a ~~quite~~ discrete version of this song; verses 2 &
5 on p. 126 were collected from Peter Green, & a variant of 5
occurs in the present version, pp. 153-4.

NB. By 'discrete versions of the same song' I mean
versions which cannot be integrated to form an intelligible whole,
eg. the Macdonald version on p. 126 and the King's C. Hospital version
above. The components of two 'variants' ~~versions~~ may be
recombined without too much difficulty.]

The dream that my love's beating is covered o'er with green.
 The pretty lambs is sporting, 'tis pleasure to be seen
 And when my pretty babe is born, sits smiling on my knee
 I'll think upon my own true love in High Germany.



The Threshing Machine (yet another version)

(tune: Villikins & Dinah).

'Twas down in the valley a farmer did dwell;
 He had but one skivvy and her name was Nell.
 Now Nell was a good girl of sweet seventeen
 Till he showed her the works of his threshing machine.

'Twas early one evening, the kids were abed,
 He came to young Nellie and to her he said:
 "I know of a place where we'll never be seen
 And I'll show 'ee the works o' my threshing machine."

The barn door stood open, they both went inside;
 He took off the covers and prepared for to ride.
 He opened the throttle and turned on the steam
 And away went the works of his threshing machine.

Now -

'Twas ^{ere} six months later, 'twas all in the fall -
 Young Nellie's coat buttons won't button at all
 And all over the village 'twas plain to be seen
 She'd been caught in the works of a threshing machine.

'Twere three months later the bastard was born,
 'Twas all in the season of threshing the corn,
 And under his nappy 'twas plain to be seen
 A brand new twin-cylinder threshing machine.



The judge and the jury let out a guffaw.

"Young man," said the judge, "you have broken the law;

When your apples are ripe and your grass it is green

You'll pay thirty bob a week for your threshing machine."

[This version, from Peter Broomfield, is sung by the Conservation Corps. It is the closest approach I have seen so far to the original on pp 89-90, in that the girl is the farmer's servant, not his daughter, & in that the events are related in the third person and not the first, as in the other versions on pp. 46, 121 & 137. Some of the phrases in this version ("took off the covers," "away went the works", "caught in the works") seem to me to be quite uncontrived and authentic].

✓ I caught a dose of fox

I caught a dose of fox a year ago, year ago, year ago, year ago.

I thought it was the clap and it would go,

The longer I left it the worse it grew,

Now I've got the galloping knob rot, what shall I do?

The other day I lost my starboard ball,

And now the other one's begun to fall

I'm rotting away, I'll be sorry some day

For then I'll have no balls at all!

Jan Halpern ^{22/11/66}



The Thurockshire National Air-Porn (tune: Men of Harlech).

Lucky thrusts all are we,
 With our clusters swinging free,
 Born to stamp out chastity -
 Weapons / borne before! / to the fore!
 Be you virgin maids or whores
 We'll bear you to the bar-room floors and
 Bend the gussets of your drawers -
 Then turn you round for more!
 Let no bold harlots flout us,
 Infect, reject or rout us.
 We'll drive our rise between their thighs
 And thurock till the place falls down about us!
 So be warned, all tumid muffin, [tumid muffin IS GREAT!]
 Round and ripe and faint for stuffin',
 Stay or hide, it's all or nothin',
 Thurocking galore!

⇒ [Composed by SAP in his official capacity of Chief Pornographer of the Thurockshire Newtong Society, 24 Nov. 1966].

The Walrus and the Carpenter

Said the Walrus to the Carpenter "D'you think you'd get a stand
 Of fifty whores pulled down their drawers and lay upon the sand?"
 "I doubt it," said the Carpenter, "I rarely get a stand."
 But all the time the dirty swine was coming in his hand!

[from R. Nash, who could not recall any more. I know of two other people who know only this verse - possibly ~~that~~^{it}, it all there is of this parody].



The Butler

25/11/66.

The gong had ^{been} sounded for breakfast
 By the butler so stately and stout.
 Ma came in with the chamber to empty
 And Pa with his prick hanging out
 The children all rushed from the nursery
 To be late would incur Papa's wrath
 They sat at the table all picking their nose
 Which they carefully wiped on the cloth.

"You're behaving quite nicely," said mother,

"Though it isn't my habit to boast."

"Quite nicely be buggered!" said Florence

As she tossed herself off on the toast.

Then Peter he pissed in the pepper

And George did a job in the jam.

Sweet Bertha she belched in the butter

While Sam wiped his arse on the ham.

Ma said grace with her mouth full of meat,

Papa said amen with a grunt,

While Hector the eldest, picking his feet,

Turned the teacup into a cunt.

[P. Newby, heard
 when he was young,
 early 1900's].

O'Reilly's Daughter

[RSS; another on p. 144-3].

Sittin' in O'Reilly's bar one day
 Telling tales of blood and slaughter
 Suddenly a thought came to my head -
 Why not shag O'Reilly's daughter?

Took the maiden by the hand, gently slid me left leg over,
 Never a word the maiden said - Laughed like hell till the fun
 was over.

I had it standin', had it lyin' -
 If I had wings I'd 'a had it flyin' [defective verse].

I grabbed O'Reilly by the balls,
 Rained his face in a bucket of water -
 Shoved those pistols up his arse
 A damn' sight quicker than I shagged his daughter

O'Reilly took two shots at me -
 Missed me by an inch and a quarter
 Hit the maiden, don't you know,
 Right in the place where she passes water

Now O'Reilly's dead and gone -
 Did they bury him? Not likely -
 Nailed him to the shitterhouse door
 Now they bugger him twice nightly.

I love a lassie

I love a lassie, a bloody big Madrassi
 She's as black as the hobs of bloody hell
 She cleans her teeth with charcoal
 And *sarf karo's her arsehole
 With a **tora tunda panny from the well

* washer
 ** little cold water.

Now should you meet this lassie
 This bloody big Madrassi
 You can tell her from me that all is well
 Since the day I left Calcutta
 My knob end's dripped like butter
 - Ali cum salaam and fare thee well.

(from Matthew Erskine, ^{chief} engineer, MS Dartbank,
 March 1967).

(Yras)

It was Christmas Day in the workhouse

(see versions on pp. 1, 119).

It was Christmas Day in the workhouse
 The day of all the year
 The paupers were seated at table
 With their bellies full of beer.
 Said the blue-nosed workhouse master
 As he wandered through the halls
 "A Merry Christmas to you, men"
 The inmates hollered "Balls!"
 Now this made the master angry
 And he swore by all the gods
 "I'll stop your Christmas pudding,
 You fucking ungrateful sods!"
 Then up spoke a brave old pauper
 His face as bold as brass
 "We don't want your Christmas Pudding -
 Stuff it up your arse!"

(from Matthew Erskine, ^{chief} Engineer, MS Dartbank, March 1967).

The Captain of the Push (Henry Lawson)

As night was falling slowly down on city, town and bush
 From a slum in Jones's Alley sloped the Captain of the Push
 And he scowled towards the North, and he scowled towards the South
 As he hooked his little fingers in the corners of his mouth
 Then his whistle, loud and piercing, woke the echoes of 'The
 Rocks'

And a dozen ghouls came ~~standing~~^{sloping} round the corners of the
 blocks.

There was nought to rouse their anger; yet the oath that each
 one swore

Seemed less fit for publication than the one that went before.

For they spoke the gutter language with the easy flow that come
 (But ~~first~~) to the men whose childhood knew the gutters and the shums.

Then they spat in turn, and halted; and the one that came
 behind

Spitting fiercely at the pavement, called on Heaven to strike
 him blind

Let me first describe the Captain, bottle-shouldered, pale & thin
 He was just the beau-ideal of a Sydney Carrikin

E'en his hat was most suggestive of the place where Pushes live
 With a gallows-tilt that no-one, save a Carrikin, can give;
 And the coat, a little shorter than the fashion might require
 Showed a (more or less uncertain) lower part of his attire.

That which tailors know as 'trousers' - known to him as 'bloomin'
 bags' -

Hanging loosely from his person, swept, with tattered ends, the flag
 And he had a pointed stampos to the boots that peeped below
 (Which he laced up from the centre of the nail of his great toe)
 And he wore his shirt uncollared, and the tie correctly wrong;
 But I think his vest was shorter than should be on one so long.

Then the captain crooked his finger at a stranger on the kerb
 Whom he qualified politely with an adjective and verb,
 And he begged the Gory Bleeders that they wouldn't interrupt
 Till he gave an introduction — it was painfully abrupt —
 'Here's the bleedin' push, my covey, — ~~h~~ here's a (something)
 from the bush!
 Strike me dead, he wants to join us!' said the captain of the push.

Said the stranger: 'I am nothing but a bushy and a dunce;
 But I read about the Bleeders in the Weekly Gasbag once:
 Litting lonely in the humpy when the winds began to whoosh,
 How I longed to share the dangers and the pleasures of the push!
 Gosh! I hate the swells and good uns — I could burn 'em
 in their beds;
 I am with you if you'll have me, and I'll break their blazing
 heads.'

'Now, look here,' exclaimed the captain to the stranger from the
 bush

'Now, look here — suppose a fellow^{or} was to split upon the push,
 Would you lay for him and down him, even if the traps
 were round?

Would you lay him out and kick him to a jelly on the
 ground?

Would you jump upon the nameless — kill, or cripple him, or
 both?

Speak? or else I'll — SPEAK!' The stranger answered 'My
 keronial oath!'

'Now look here,' exclaimed the captain to the stranger from the
 bush,

'Now look here — suppose the Bleeders let you come and
 join the push,

Would you smash a bleedin' bobby if you got the blank
 alone?

Would you stoush a swell or Chinkie - split his gullet with
a stone?

Would you have a "moll" to keep you - like to swear off
work for good?

'Yes, my oath!' replied the stranger. 'My kerlonial oath I
would!'

th.

'Now, look here,' exclaimed the captain to that stranger
from the bush,

'Now, look here - before the Bleeders let you come and join
the push.

sh!

* You must prove that you're a blazer - you must prove
that you have grit

Wotley of a gory bleeder - you must show your form a bit
Take a rock and smash that winder!' and the stranger,
nothing loth,

Took the rock and - smash! The Bleeders muttered 'My
kerlonial oath!'

So they swore him in, and found him sure of aim and
light of heel,

And his only fault, if any, lay in his excessive zeal.

He was good at throwing metal, but I chronicle with pain
that he jumped upon a victim, damaging the watch & chain
Ere the bleeders had secured them; yet the captain of the push
Swore a dozen oaths in favour of the stranger from the bush.

Late next morn the captain, rising, hoarse and thirsty, from
his lair

Called the newly-feathered bleeder; but the stranger wasn't
there!

Quickly going through the pockets of his blooming bags he
learned

That the stranger had been through them for the stuff his
moll had earned;

And the language that he uttered I should scarcely like to tell
(Stars! and notes of exclamation!! blank and dash will do
as well).

That same night the captain's signal woke the echoes of the
Rocks,
Brought the Gory Bleeders sloping through the shadows of
the blocks;
And they swore the stranger's action was a blood-escaping
shame,
While they waited for the nameless - but the nameless never
came.
And the Bleeders soon forgot him; but the captain of the
Still is laying round, in ballast, for the stranger 'from
the bush.'

* The Burial of Sir Robert F ——— g (an ode)
(July or August 1969).

Arise, my muse, and tune thy lyre,
Of sad bereavement sing
In this grim winter of our loss
What boots the coming Spring?

For now that he has left us
That golden gifted youth
Who shall inculcate upon us
The Advantages of Truth?

His succinct dissertations
Gather dust upon the shelf
His poems are recited still
But gone the man himself

O what beautiful visions
 Dwelt within that noble head
 Till came the Gardener in white:
 And a plucked flower lay dead

O F — g, o gentle bard
 Your death the world bemoans,
 But God! your life was so much worse
 The empty glass, the obscene curse
 The drunken brawls, the bawdy verse
 The blood, the booze, the bones.....

(to Robert Fellenberg from sp).

The Bastard from the Bush

(coll. 25 March 1969)
 ex J. Lamb, Univ. Sydney -

As night was falling slowly down on city, town and bush.
 From a slum in Jones's Alley came the leader of the Push
 Then his whistle loud and piercing woke the echoes of the Rock
 And a dozen ghouls came slouching round the corners of the
 blocks

Now the leader jerked a finger at a stranger on the kerb
 Whom he qualified politely with an adjective and verb
 Then he made the introduction 'Here's a covey from the bush—
 Fuck me blind, he wants to join us, be a member of the
 Push'

Then the stranger made this answer to the leader of the Push
 'Why, fuck you dead, I'm Foreskin Fred, the Bastard from the Bush
 I've been in every two-up school from Wagga to the Loo
 And I've ridden colts and black gins — what more can a
 bastard do?'

'Are you game to break a window?' said the leader of the Push
 'Why, I'd knock a fucking house down,' said the Bastard from

the Bush
 'Would you ^{knock} ~~beat~~ a man and rob him?' asked the leader of
 the Push

'Why, I'd knock him down and fuck him,' said the Bastard
 from the Bush

'Would you do a bloody bobby if you got the cunt alone?
 Would you clout a swell or chinkie, split his garter with
 a stone?

Would you live off harlot's' earnings, would you swear
 off work for good?

But the Bastard only smiled and said 'My fucking oath I
 would.'

'Would you care to have a gasp?' asked the leader of the
 Push

'I'll have the bloody jacket,' said the Bastard from the Bush
 Then the Pushites all took council, saying 'Fuck me but
 he's game -

Let's make him our star basher, he'll live up to his name.'

So they took him to their hideout, the Bastard from the Bush
 And looked upon his presence as an asset to the Push
 But soon they found the Bastard was for more than they
 could stand

And so their leader thus addressed the members of his band.

'Now listen here, you buggers, we've caught a fucking truster.
 At every kind of bludging the bastard is a shinter
 At poker and at two-up he's shook our bloody rolls
 And he swiped our fucking liquor and he rolls our
 bloody rolls!'

So down in Jones's Alley all the members of the Push
 Laid a dark and dirty ambush for the Bastard from the B-st.
 But against the wall of Riley's pub the Bastard made a stand
 A nasty look upon his ~~face~~ dial, a bike-chain in each hand

They set upon him in a bunch but one by one they fell
 With crack of bone, unearthly groan and agonizing yell
 Till their badly-battered leader, spitting teeth and gouts of
 blood

Held an ear all bruised and swollen with a hand
 bedaubed with blood

'You low polluted bastard' snarled the leader of the Push
 'Go back to where your sort belongs, that's somewhere in the
 bush

And I hope heaps of misfortunes may soon tumble down on
 you

And some lousy harlot dose you till your balllocks turn
 sky-blue.

'May the pains of windy spasms through your heaving bowels
 dart

May you shit your bloody trousers every time you try to fart
 May you take a swig of gin's piss, mistaking it for beer
 May the next push you impose on heave you out upon
 your ear.

'May your itching piles torment you, may corns grow on
 your feet

And crabs as big as spiders attack your balls a treat
 And when you're down and outed to a hopeless bloody
 wreck

May you slip back through your arsehole and break
 your fucking neck.'

* The sad fate of Perce the Cabin Boy. Apr 62

'Twas in the days of the Cutty Sark, when canvas ruled the brine
When traditions were born, like Rounding the Horn, and the Crossing of the Line,
There sailed a brig, the Nightly Fig, a floating brothelry,
Loaded with Turkish arseholes and bound for the China Sea.

The crew they were a randy mob, the dross of the Seven Seas,
They were thick with crabs and VD scabs from the midriff to the knees.
They lay all day in their spunk-stained slings 'neath the scorching tropic sky -
Amusing themselves by abusing themselves, and letting their forekins fry.

'Til up spoke one O'Kanagan, the pride of the forele crew,
Who'd stuffed his fork in the salted pork till his bell-end had turned blue.
"You can suck my gland, you rag-arsed band, but there's one I must enjoy -
And come the dawn I'll have my horn up Perce the cabin boy."

So all night long that evil throng, with many a ribald curse,
Sate in debate, aplotting the fate of gentle little Perce,
Who, unaware of the foul affair, was sleeping the sleep of the blessed,
With his golden head on his pillowspread, and his teddy clutched to his breast.

The next day dawned, and the sun arose from a calm and azure sea
~~And~~ They dragged ~~Perce~~ ^{from his bed} Perce to the forele head with cries of lustful glee.
They hung him from the thunderbox, rigid and wet with dread
And the whole fucking crew formed a cheering queue to shit on his golden head.
~~Perce sat on his golden head.~~

Then they cut him down and brought him round with a bucket of stagnant slops
Then the randy hands bared their twirling glands and spat on their horny tops
They joined to form a daisy chain, with O'Kanagan at the front
And they ^{capered} congaed round the luckless Perce with cries of "Flog the cunt!"

But Perce broke through that ring of tools and fled screaming to the skipper -
"I'll be right glad to hide you, lad," he leered at the frightened nipper.
This empty tub is just the job - just tuck yourself in there,
And when the crew come ranting through, they'll find not hide or hair."

So Perce climbed in, but very soon was sorry that he did
For his virgin bot was against a knot that ~~the captain~~ ^{had fallen from the lip} was removing from -
~~the lid.~~

Though this sad tale might turn you pale, it has a useful moral -
If you must escape from anal rape, don't hole up in a barrel.



The Barrel Song : Op. 61,
(Tune : *The Roundabout*).

Indian Ocean,
24 Feb 1967

Now there is a vessel, a ship of ill-fame
She sails to the East and the Duthank's her name
Just being aboard fills my heart with delight
For it's me in the barrel, it's my turn tonight
With a down, down, down derry down

Now the barrel is large and laid up on ~~its~~ its side
It's three feet in length and it's almost as wide
On the floor there are kneepads, at one end a slot
That is right on a level with the hole in your bot
With a down, down, down derry down

My first time inside I recall with a smile
For I couldn't speak after for quite a long while
They took off the lid and, I'm sorry to say,
That in my excitement I got in the wrong way
With a down, down, down derry down

Now many strange things are washed up on the strand
And some even stranger that never reach land
But the strangest of all came ashore from a sub -
Not a note in a bottle, but a bum in a tub
With a down, down, down derry down

HENRY LAWSON

It is generally agreed that his short stories reach a far higher literary level than his poems. Often dismissed as mere jingles, the latter have nevertheless remained extremely popular because they express so directly the common man's attitude to his life and his fellows. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say the attitude widely admired if not always as widely practised, by the Australian common man. Some of Lawson's verses, like *The Captain of the Push* became so popular as to have passed into folk circulation in innumerable versions. In fact it will probably never be certainly known whether the anonymous and indelicate verses circulating orally in Australia and known as *The Buttard from the Bush*, inspired Lawson's poem or whether the reverse happened.

- see *The Captain of the Push*, p. 165, and *The Buttard from the Bush*, p. 167.

Nelly (Tune: Galway Bay)

Oh your arsehole's like a stovepipe. Nelly darling
 And the nipples of your tits are turning green
 There's a thousand crabs a-crawling round your arsehole
 You're the ugliest fucking bitch I've ever seen.

There's a yard of lint protruding from your vulva
 When you piss you piss a stream as green as grass
 There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle
 So why not make one, dear, and shove it up your arse.

(from J.L. McKean, 1971).

Shoals of Herring (Ewan McColl).

With our nets and gear we're faring
 On the wide and wistful ocean
 It's there on the deep that we harvest and reap our bread
 As we hunt the bonny shoals o' herring.

'Twas a fine and a pleasant summer's day
 Out of Yarmouth harbour I was faring
 As a cabin boy on a sailing lugger
 We were off to hunt the shoals o' herring

Now the work was hard and the hours were long
 And the treatment surely took some bearing
 There was little kindness and the kicks were many
 As we hunted for the shoals o' herring

Now we fished the Swarf and the Broken Bank
 I was cook and I was quarters sharing
 And I used to sleep standing on my feet
 And I'd dream about the shoals o' herring

The Story of Daniel

In days of old when knights were bold
 Someone wrote 'Arseholes' on the King's shield :
 And in due course and resurrection
 It was discovered that Daniel had committed this dastardly deed
 For this and many other sins, Daniel was cast into prison.
 And on the first day the King came to visit Daniel
 And the King saith unto Daniel
 'Daniel, how is thy soul?'

And Daniel replieth 'What soul, o King?'
 And the King saith 'Arsehole,' and kicked him in the ring.
 One to the King.

And on the second day the Queen came to visit Daniel
 And Daniel saith unto the Queen
 'Queen, it tickles.'

And the Queen replieth 'What tickles?'
 And Daniel saith 'Testicles', and screwed her on the spot.
 One all.

And on the third day the King ~~came~~ again visited Daniel
 But Daniel, spying the King from afar off
 Picked up a piece of crystallized camel crap,
 (Which happened to be particularly prevalent at that time and place)
 And hurled it at the King.

And lo, it smote the King upon the brow.

'SHIT!' cried the King

And forty thousand arses gleamed in the Eastern sun
 For in those days the King's word was law.

'Fuck me!' cried the Queen

And ten thousand were killed in the rush.

'Fuck me!' cried the Duchess

But nobody moved, save for one old ~~seaman~~ sailor
 Who, sitting quietly in the corner

Masturbating and catching the drops in a silver spoon
 Reached out, grabbed the Duchess by the cheeks

And slipped her on with the ease of a well-worn seaboot.
 Daniel, seizing his chance, escaped amidst the confusion,
 And headed into the desert.
 And on the first day of his journey
 He came upon a comely young maiden
 Who saith unto him
 'Daniel, Daniel, what wilt thou give me to sleep with thee?'
 'Three nissan huts, two army blankets and a roll of barbed wire.'
 They slept.

And on the second day of his journey
 Daniel came upon a Raggy-Baggy-Shaggy-Batch,
 Who ragged him, bagged him and shagged him
 And sent him on his way with his pockets jingling
 And his arsehole tingling.

And Daniel had been many days in the desert
 When lo, a great darkness fell upon the land
 And Daniel saith unto the Lord

'Lord, Lord, let there be light!'

And behold, there was light!

And Daniel could see for fucking miles.

And it came to pass that the young maiden
 Came again unto Daniel and saith

'Daniel, I am with child; what steps wilt thou take?'

'Bloody great big ones, out of here,' saith Daniel.

Disappearing over the horizon.

And in due course and resurrection a prophet visited Ur.

And the people saith unto the prophet

'What news of Daniel, o prophet?'

And the prophet replieth

'The Lord saith unto Daniel

'Daniel, come forth'

But Daniel came fifth and lost his beer-money.'

Poor Little Angelina.

She was sweet sixteen, little Angelina, always dancing on the village green
 shies a virgin still, never had a thrill Poor Little Angelina.

Now the local squire had a low desire
 Filthiest bastard in the whole damnshire
 He had set his heart on the vital part
 Of poor little Angelina.

Came the village fair and the squire was there
 Masterbating on the village square
 When he chanced to see the dainty knee
 Of poor little Angelina.

She had raised her skirt to avoid the dirt
 As she skipped between the puddles of the squire's last squirt
 And his cock grew raw at the sight he saw
 Of poor little Angelina.

So he raised his hat and he said "Your Cat
 Has been run over and is squashed quite flat
 Now my car's in the square, and I'll take you there"
 Poor little Angelina.

How that filthy turd should have got that bird
 But she climbed right in without a word
 As they drove away you could hear them say
 Poor little Angelina.

They had not gone far, when he stopped the car,
 And took little Angelina into a bar
 Where he gave her gin just to make her sin
 Poor little Angelina.

When he ~~had~~ oiled her well, he took her to a dell
 And there he gave her bloody fucking hell
 And he tried his luck on a low down fuck
 With poor little Angelina.

It's a cry of woe for woe'd his wife
 Poor little Angelina had no escape
 Now it's time someone come to save the name
 Of poor little Angelina

Now the village blacksmith was brave and bold
 And loved Angelina for years untold
 And he vowed he'd be true what ever they'd do
 To poor little Angelina

But sad to say that very same day
 The blacksmith had gone to jail to stay
 For coming in his pants at the local dance
 With poor little Angelina

Now the window of his cell overlooked the dell
 Where the squire with Angie was giving her hell
 And thereupon the grass he recognised the arse
 Of poor little Angelina

Now he got such a start, he let go a fart
 And blew the bloody jail apart
 And he ran like shit lest the squire would split
 His poor little Angelina

When he arrived at the spot and he saw what was what
 He tied the villians penis in a double reef knot
 As the squire lay on his guts, he got a kick in the nuts
 From poor little Angelina

"Oh blacksmith, blacksmith, I love you true
 I can tell by your trousers that you love me too
 Here I am undressed, you can do the rest
 Cried poor little Angelina."

(ENDS → (And his natural charm was as long as your arm — Poor[?] &c.)
 Now it would be wrong, here to end this song
 For the blacksmith had a penis fully one foot long
 And his natural charm was as long as your arm

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'EVERY JAKES-HOUSE IN THE LAND SHOULD HAVE A
COPY OF THIS WONDERFUL MONOGRAPH'

..... Ablutionist Weekly.

'I LAUGHED TILL I SHAT MYSELF - AN INFALLIBLE
REMEDY FOR THE STOOLBOUND'

..... The Lancet.

'MAKES THE RAVING OBSCENITIES OF DE SADE
SEEM LIKE A DAY IN THE LIFE OF LITTLE NODDY'

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[END]

[Title:] Beware! The owner of this book has v.d.
MS. 1961-1971, ed. Shane A. PARKER.

[cited as: Parker Folio MS.]

DUPL.

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The Lobster

O mister fisherman, you're well I can see --
Have you a lobster you can sell to me?
Singing row diddlee-o, shit or bust,
Never let your foreskin dangle in the dust!

I took the lobster home but I couldn't find a dish
So I stuck it in the pot where the missus used to piss.

In the middle of the night, as you all know,
The missus she got up to use the bloody po'.

First she gave a squeal and then she gave a grunt;
And raced around the room with the lobster on her cunt.

I hit it with the brush, I hit it with the broom --
I chased that bloody lobster round and round the room.

I bashed it on the head and I bashed it on the side;
I bashed that bloody lobster until the bastard died.

That's the end of my story; ~~my~~ the moral it is this:
Always have a shufti before you have a piss!

That's the end of my story; there isn't any more --
But there's an apple up my arsehole and you can have the core!